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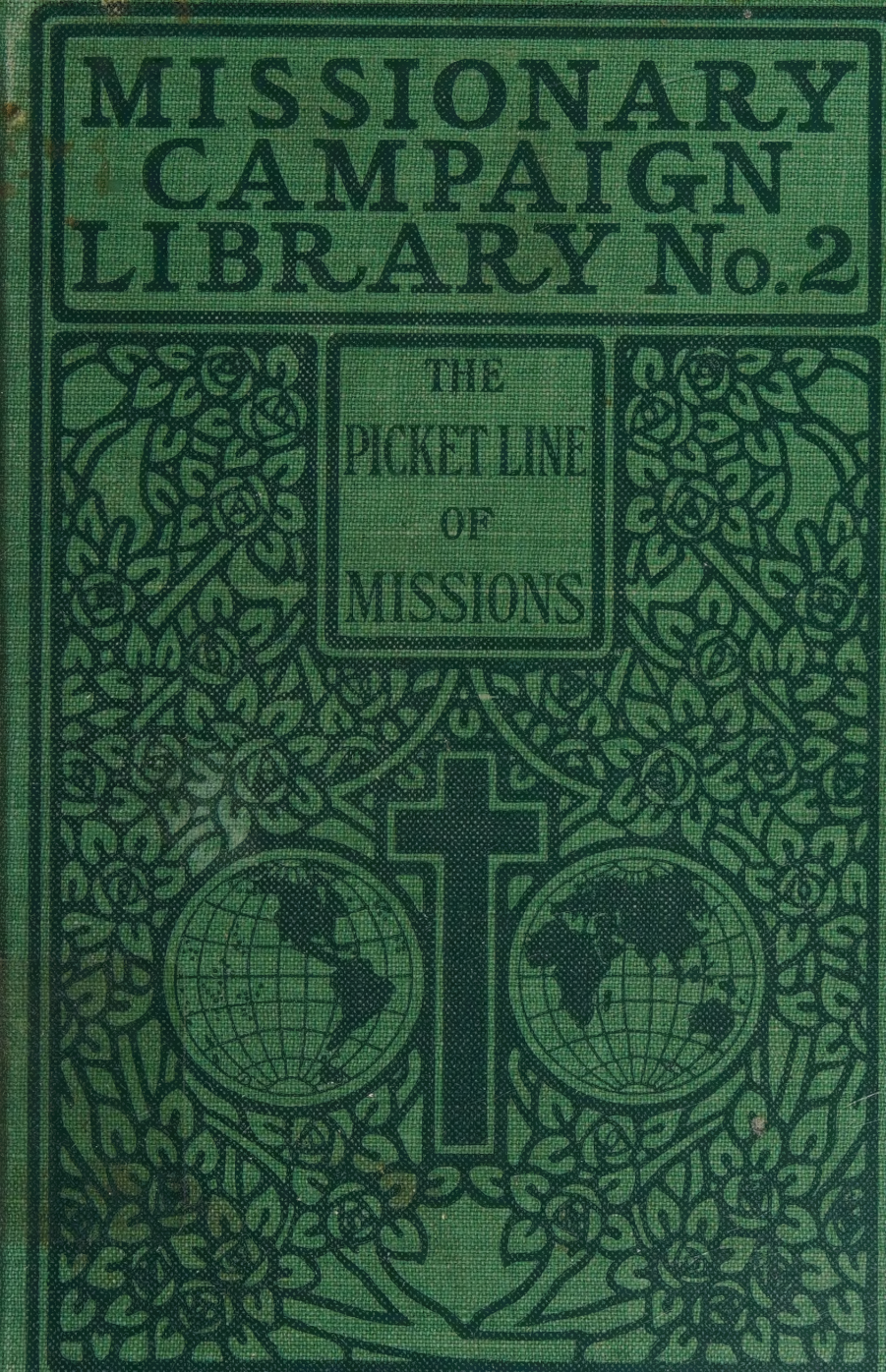

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THE PICKET LINE OF MISSIONS

SKETCHES OF THE ADVANCED GUARD

BY

W. F. McDOWELL
A. T. PIERSON
JENNIE M. BINGHAM
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

BISHOP W. X. NINDE

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EDWIN A. SCHELL,
General Secretary.

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Introduction

WE here present for our Reading Course a book which we trust will inspire the hearts of all Epworthians with a freshened enthusiasm for Christian missions. Nothing seemed more likely to effect this than to bring our young people into close touch with the hearts and life work of a select number of our noble missionaries, some sainted, others still living. While some of the characters here sketched are not as familiar as others that might have been chosen, yet each one is truly heroic, and the writers were well fitted for their task, all by genuine sympathy, and some by long and intimate acquaintance with their subjects. We are sure that the book will well repay a careful reading.

The wonderful century just passing has been called the age of Protestant missions. It is true that the modern missionary movement began a little before the dawn of this

century, but the great mission boards have been formed and the work of missions vigorously pushed within that period. How it stirs the heart to read of the trials, labors, and achievements of the unbroken line of devoted missionaries along the tide of a hundred years?

In 1760 Voltaire rashly predicted that the opening of the nineteenth century would witness the extinction of the Christian religion. About that time was born William Carey, "the morning star of modern missions," which have since borne the standard of the cross into every land in the wide world.

For many years after the dawn of the modern missionary movement the visible results were scanty and discouraging. The interest of the home churches was feeble and faltering, and had it not been for the heroic devotion of godly men and women who felt themselves specially called to labor in these distant and difficult fields, and whose self-sacrificing zeal kindled anew the flickering flame of missionary interest among the Christians of favored Europe and America, all effort to convert the heathen might have been abandoned or indefinitely postponed.

The marked success of the missions to the Sandwich Islands and some of the South Sea Islands put a new heart into the movement for the world's evangelization. The Methodist Episcopal Church, relieved somewhat of the pressing demands of the home work, entered with its accustomed vigor upon the mission work abroad. Our first missionaries to China sailed for that distant land just fifty years ago, and planted our first mission in the treaty port of Foochow. The first ten years was a rayless night of unrequited toil. At the end of that period the first converts were baptized, and since then the mission has expanded with marvelous growth, embracing flourishing fields in South, North, Central, and West China, with the prospect of still greater conquests in the near future.

Ten years after entering China our mission was organized in British India. It was successful from the start, and its evangelizing progress of late years has been phenomenal and most gratifying. Our missions are now spread over most of the vast peninsula and have all the elements of prodigious strength and efficiency.

Protestant missions in Japan followed the treaty which opened up that long

sequestered empire to the commerce of the Western world and allotted to foreigners, under cumbersome limitations, certain privileges of residence and travel. As recently as 1869, Bishop Kingsley made the first Episcopal visitation of our own missions in Eastern Asia. We had no mission in Japan at the time, but on its way to China the bishop's steamer touched at Yokohama in Japan. He went ashore, and found a Presbyterian missionary who told him there were probably not more than eight native Christians in the empire. There are now five Methodist Boards operating in Japan with a numerous and efficient force of missionaries and native preachers, and a large clientele of native members and adherents. A considerable number of the native preachers, and of the teachers in the mission schools, were educated in this country.

More recently our mission was planted in the Kingdom of Korea, once termed the "hermit nation," but now surpassing almost all other heathen countries in its kindly welcome and treatment of foreigners and especially of Christian missionaries. No mission in the list makes a more grateful showing of rapid and substantial progress

than that which cultivates so well this limited but most promising field.

Our historic mission—the one first planted and manned by our Church—is that of Liberia, on the western coast of Africa. When the American Colonization Society purchased that wild territory and deported thither some thousands of free Negroes, many of whom were members of our Church, our duty seemed imperative to provide them with the Christian ordinances. It was also hoped that our Liberia Mission would sooner or later prove the gateway of the Gospel to the inaccessible millions in the interior of the "Dark Continent." That mission was for years a keen disappointment and partial failure. Large appropriations were absorbed by the mission with scanty results. The explorations of Livingstone and Stanley and the formation of the Congo Free State afforded the long-coveted opportunity to reach the interior of the continent with the priceless blessings of the Christian Gospel. The hour for a grand advance had come and the man was not wanting. That world-wide apostle and missionary, that bold and intrepid hero in Christian service, William Taylor, accepted the high office to which

God and the Church had called him, and became the first Methodist Bishop for Africa. The record of his faithful labors, journeys, privations, perils, and successes are the heritage of a grateful Church whose behest he obeyed, and whose standard he ever bore with unswerving devotion. His honored successor has just entered his new field with equal courage, devotion, and faith, and under the most encouraging auspices.

While the spread of missions has been truly marvelous, even within the memory of people now in middle life, the interest of the Churches in the world's conversion is far short of what it should be. The great mass of professing Christians probably never contribute a penny or a prayer for the salvation of the heathen world. It is difficult to account for the apathy which prevails so widely. No doubt it is largely due to the slight attention given to the subject. Home and personal interests preoccupy and absorb the minds of our people and blind them to the needs of the far-distant millions. Many persons strangely insist that our efforts should be concentrated in meeting the needs of the "heathen at our doors," rather than be divided in try-

ing to Christianize the heathen in another hemisphere.

The sordid question is often asked: "Do missions pay? What have they to show in visible results for the vast outlay of money and precious lives?" This inquiry is often made, not for the purpose of eliciting information, but as a supposed unanswerable argument in interrogative form against the maintenance of foreign missions. It is hastily assumed that such missions are a practical failure, and mission statistics are quoted to show the inconsequential results of missionary labors.

It is further questioned by some who would excuse their indifference to the cause of foreign missions, whether the Christianizing of the heathen nations is really important or even desirable. We are told that these nations are by no means so irreligious as we had thought; that they have their own faith and creeds, well adapted to their racial peculiarities, which inculcate a morality so high and pure, and a spirituality so refined, as to challenge the admiration of even Christian minds. Representatives of the chief pagan religions, we are reminded, have recently visited this country,

who were shocked at the carnal and material character of our own boasted civilization, and whose intelligence, eloquence, devout spirit and manner, and profound and subtle teachings, filled great audiences with admiring wonder. Why should we send missionaries to convert such men and those they represent to our peculiar ways of thinking and believing?

Again, there are found, especially among the foreign residents in heathen lands, those who loudly insist that the heathen are not worth saving. The indifference and even aversion of many of the foreign bankers, traders, and diplomats, residing in pagan cities, to the missionaries and their work, is largely due to the unchristian contempt and sometimes violent hatred which they feel for the masses of the native peoples among whom they dwell. They see heathenism in its undisguised vileness, and being destitute of benevolent impulses and a proper sense of Christian duty learn to despise and abhor both the prevalent paganism and its pitiable victims.

At the indignation meetings held by the foreign residents of Shanghai, China, following the cruel Hwasang massacres,

sentiments were expressed by reputable merchants and others toward the Chinese race as a whole that might well have shocked a gathering of untutored savages.

The highest sanction and strongest motive to world-wide missionary effort is our Saviour's explicit command to "Go into all the world and disciple all nations." The early apostles were to *begin* their work at Jerusalem, but by no means to remain there until all the Jews had been converted. Almost at once they began missionary work among the Gentiles. Considering the meager facilities of those early times, the spread of the Gospel in the first century of the Christian era is the marvel of history, and is a standing rebuke to the feebleness of our faith and the languor of our zeal. Our Lord's mandate is surely no less binding now than it was then. Indeed, as the door of opportunity widens it becomes the more imperative. When we think that the great heathen countries are now open through their vast extent to the Christian evangelist; that residence, even in West China, is ordinarily as safe for the missionary as it would be in London or New York; that in India, Japan,

and even Korea, he is under the protection of friendly governments; when we are reminded, too, of the conveniences of travel and the facilities for prosecuting all kinds of mission work, and especially of the accessibility of the heathen peoples and their increasingly kindly disposition toward the "foreign teachers," we are amazed that a sense of its duty to the wretched and neglected heathen has not more strongly impressed itself upon the Christian world. There is vast wealth in the hands of the saints. God is calling more men into the ministry than we can possibly find work for in the home field. Marked providential tokens clearly reveal our duty to the benighted millions beyond the seas.

And how sadly do they need our Christian sympathy and labors. At the recent "Parliament of Religions" in Chicago, after listening one day to addresses from representatives of several of the prominent pagan faiths, an English missionary who had long lived in China remarked in his address which followed, that whatever good and kind things might be said of some of the ethical elements of those pagan beliefs, nevertheless the importation of Chris-

tian ideas into those heathen lands was of incalculable value. That true and impressive statement was after all but a mild and inadequate putting of the case as between Christianity and heathenism. Those living in the field, and even transient visitors to heathen lands, can see few lines of similarity or points of contact between Christianity and the best pagan creeds. Undisguised practical heathenism is indescribably barren and horrid. It is not even a partial substitute for the Christian Gospel. It may be gladly admitted that heathen can occasionally be found who are decidedly better than the besotted masses about them; that now and then a truly godly man or woman appears who gives clear evidence of the law written in the heart; yet such cases are too rare to relieve the monotonous vileness of the dominating superstitions. He who imagines that the heathen faiths can be rehabilitated and invested with a regenerating power is cherishing a pleasing but illusive dream. Nothing will save these Christless lands but the full acceptance of that Gospel which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

In estimating the results of foreign mis-

sions the candid inquirer will take many things into the account. The statistical showing might prove disappointing, but no one accustomed to historical researches will be warped in his judgment by the meager exhibit of Christian converts. The membership in the mission churches of southern and eastern Asia may seem hardly worth considering when compared with the vast and unreached heathen population. Yet to those intimately familiar with the changed personal and family lives of the Christian converts it is worth all the expenditure of money and toil to have saved even the comparative few from the chains of a heathenism indescribably debased and hopeless.

The ground of our large hope for the Christianizing of the heathen nations is the ever-brightening indications of a nearing era of mighty changes and unparalleled successes. The traditional superstitions are loosening their hold upon the masses of the people. The Christian Gospel in the purity of its teaching, and especially as exemplified in the lives of the Christian converts, is making a most powerful and healthful impression upon observant heathen. The burden of conscious sin and the awakened

but unsatisfied longings for spiritual freedom and peace are creating a widening and deepening interest in the Christian religion. There can be no doubt that millions of the best minds among the heathen are in a suspensive mood. They have lost faith in the prevailing heathenism, and though hesitating to accept the social ostracism inevitably following an open Christian confession they are candid inquirers, and may soon in great masses become brave and happy converts to the Christian faith. Indeed, in some parts of India and China the movement has already begun, and its increasing flow has only been arrested by the sad inability of the missions, through their straitened resources, properly to care for and train the new converts.

No just estimate can be made of what Christian missions have effected in their short history without considering the indirect results of missionary labors. The missionaries as a class have impressed themselves strongly upon the native peoples. The simplicity and purity of their lives; their strict truthfulness and honesty, in broad contrast with the character and conduct of many other foreigners; their uniform

kindness and unselfishness manifested on all occasions, but especially in their care for the poor and the suffering; their readiness to espouse the side of justice as between natives and foreigners, have given them a high place in the esteem of the heathen among whom they live, and to whom they would gladly minister. Missionaries have often suffered from scandalous and baseless stories fabricated by powerful and unscrupulous enemies, resulting in occasional riots and massacres; but to an ever-increasing extent the unsophisticated masses are learning the truth and giving their frank and warm confidence to those whom they are coming to regard as their true and steadfast friends.

If there be a single high vocation for the Christian young people of our day, it is the conquest of the unchristianized world for their divine Lord. The "set time to favor Zion" has surely come. He reads the signs of the times to little profit who is not impressed with this manifest fact. The doors of opportunity are thrown widely open. Boundless resources are at our command. Insuperable difficulties have strangely vanished. Appealing voices call

to us from above, from beyond, from within! Shall we not respond to these voices? Shall we not hail with gladness our day of visitation?

This is the day of great things—of great plans, undertakings, and achievements. Projects of small and feeble import fail to rivet attention and kindle enthusiasm. None like the young feel the thrill of this new spirit of the times. Unless the youthful Church can seize upon some object of Christian endeavor large enough to fill their holiest ambitions and tax their most strenuous energies, they will languish in inglorious apathy, or waste their golden opportunities in the mad chase of worldly phantoms. Among our bannered mottoes let this take highest place: "Christ for all the world, and all the world for CHRIST."

W. X. NINDE.

I

David Livingstone

BY

W. F. McDOWELL

The Picket Line of Missions

I

David Livingstone

DAVID LIVINGSTONE is a name to conjure with. This Scotch physician appeals to connoisseurs in manliness. Blaikie, his principal biographer, and Thomas Hughes, author of the best brief biography of Livingstone, are both known as lovers of true manliness. Mr. Hughes writes the *Manliness of Christ*, the "Tom Brown" books, and *Livingstone* for the "Men of Action" series, studying in each case a different personality, but not a different theme.

March 19, 1813, David Livingstone was born in Blantyre, Scotland. "My own inclination would lead me to say as little as possible about myself." The world, however, has forced into print all that could be gathered about him. He records two items about his ancestors: "My great-grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden, fight-

ing for the old line of kings, and my grandfather was a small farmer in Ulua, where my father was born." And this: "The only point of the family tradition that I feel proud of is this—one of these poor islanders, one of my ancestors, when he was on his deathbed, called his children around him and said: 'Now, lads, I have looked all through our history as far back as I can find it, and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line, and I want you to understand you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for wrongdoing. Be honest.'" When honors were finally laid in profusion at Livingstone's feet he wrote affectionately of "his own people, the honest poor."

Students of history will have no difficulty recalling the historical conditions existing in 1813. Six years earlier England had abolished the slave trade. Two years later Waterloo came. The "Consecrated Cobbler" had awakened the Churches of England to their missionary duty, and there were a dozen societies then in their youth eager to spread the Gospel in foreign lands. The charter of the American Board was a year old when Livingstone was born. The Wesleyan Missionary Society was organized

in 1812, the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society in 1819. It was the day of exploration and inquiry, the day in which the modern missionary movement began. Into the kingdom at such a time and for such a time Livingstone came. At the age of ten he went to work in the cotton mills. Out of his first week's wages he saved enough to buy Ruddiman's *Rudiments*. The employers provided a schoolmaster to give evening instruction. When Livingstone could have the master's assistance he took it, when he could not get it he toiled on alone. Thus he mastered his Latin. He was not brighter than other boys. He was not precocious in anything save determination. Early his scientific tastes revealed themselves. While he had the passion for reading he had equally the passion for exploration and for such sports as swimming and fishing. "My reading in the factory," he says, "was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work. I thus kept a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of machinery. To this I owe the power of completely abstracting my mind, so as to read and write with

perfect comfort amidst the play of children and song of savages." At nineteen he was promoted in the factory. At twenty he "lighted upon the admirable works of Dr. Thomas Dick, *The Philosophy of Religion* and *The Philosophy of a Future State*, and was gratified to find that he had enforced his own conviction that religion and science are friendly to one another." At about this time a missionary society was established in the village. He became acquainted with missionary biography. The *Life of Henry Martyn* stirred his blood. The story of Charles Gutzlaff, medical missionary to China, was as a trumpet call. Almost simultaneously came his conversion, bringing peace and power and this missionary influence. Young Epworth Leaguers will pause over the statement that at twenty he had resolved to devote to the missionary cause all he could earn and save. Then Gutzlaff appealed to the Churches of Great Britain and America for aid in behalf of China, and Livingstone offered not his earnings, but his life. "It is my desire," he said, "to show my attachment to the cause of Him who died for me by devoting my life to his service," and "from this time my

efforts were constantly devoted toward this object without any fluctuation." This last sentence shows influence of a faithful Sunday school teacher who had said to him, "Now, lad, make religion the everyday business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts." Livingstone did not propose to go as a missionary without preparation. He went on with his studies for six or seven years from the date of the resolution quoted above. When at last he went it was with the strength and training of a man. He was accepted by the London Missionary Society, whose object—"to send neither Episcopacy nor Presbyterianism nor Independency, but the Gospel of Christ to the heathen"—exactly agreed with his ideas. He wanted to go as a medical missionary to China, but the opium war shut him out. He grew weary of waiting, but never faltered in his purpose. One day Robert Moffat came home to plead for the South African Mission. He told Livingstone that he had "sometimes seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been." That settled the question for Livingstone. It was God's hand leading him into the Dark Continent. In 1840 he was ordained

and received his medical diploma. Speaking of the latter, he said, "With unfeigned delight I became a member of a profession which with unwearied energy pursues from age to age its endeavors to lessen human woe." On the evening of November 16, 1840, he went home to visit for one night with his parents. He proposed to sit up all night. His father had the heart and soul of a missionary. He was the kind of man portrayed in "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Far into the night they talked of the prospects of Christian missions. They talked of the coming day when rich and great men would think it an honor to support whole stations of missionaries instead of spending their money on hounds and horses. At five the next morning they had breakfast, and then gathered around the family altar for prayers. David read the 121st and 135th Psalms and prayed. It is a scene for an artist. Father and son walked to Glasgow. "On the Broomielaw they parted, and never met again on earth." The father set his face toward home, the great son resolutely starting toward the "smoke of the thousand villages."

December 8, 1840, he sailed for Cape

Town, at the southern extremity of Africa. It is an historic date in the history of Africa and in the history of the Christian Church. When he arrived at the cape he found Dr. Philip, acting agent for the London Missionary Society, desirous of returning home for a vacation, and anxious to find some one willing to take his place as minister to the congregation at Cape Town. The place, with good compensation, was offered to Livingstone. Then he remembered that Moffat had said to him, "You will do for Africa if you do not go to an old station, but push on to the vast unoccupied districts to the north." He declined the easier position and pushed on toward Dr. Moffat's station at Kuruman, seven hundred miles to the north. These seven hundred miles formed the crust of heathenism as dense as night. On into it this fearless man went. He practiced medicine as he went. The people believed him to be a wizard. They thought him able to raise the dead. The sick and the curious crowded about his wagon, but not an article was stolen. One day the chief of a savage tribe said: "I wish you would change my heart. Give me medicine to change it, for

it is proud, proud and angry, angry always." The physician and the scientist, the minister and the reformer, are all combined in this one man. He heals the sick; he notes the scenery, classifying the plants, birds, and beasts, noting that forty-three fruits and thirty-two edible roots grow wild in a certain district; he gathers specimens for a London college; he rescues a little girl about to be sold into slavery; he rejoices that God had conferred upon him the privilege and honor of being the first messenger of mercy that ever trod those regions. He writes home:

"This is the country for a medical man, but he must leave fees out of the question. These people are excellent patients, too. There is no wincing; everything prescribed is done *instanter*. Their only failing is that they get tired of a long course, but in any operation even the women sit unmoved. I have been astonished again and again at their calmness. In cutting out a tumor an inch in diameter they sit and talk as if they felt nothing. 'A man like me,' they say, 'never cries. It is children that cry.' And it is a fact that the men never cry; but when the Spirit of God works on their

minds they cry most piteously, trying to hide their heads in their karosses, and when they find that won't do they rush out of church and run with all their might, crying as if the hand of death were behind them."

Meantime visions of planting colonies here float before him. He explores for Jesus Christ. He covers his letters with maps of the country. Every new tract is a new field for the Gospel. He studies the African fever, the tsetse fly, and dreams of the lake. The details of these years cannot be given here. Four years go by. During this time occurred the adventure with the lion, of which adventure he writes that "he meant to have kept it to tell his children in his old age." It was during his second missionary year. He says of it: "He rushed from the bushes and bit me on the arm, breaking the bone. I hope I shall never forget God's mercy. It will be well before this letter reaches you. Do not mention it to anyone. I do not like to be talked about." He never voluntarily referred to it. But of the wound then received Sir Bartle Frere writes in an obituary notice before the Royal Geographical Society: "For thirty years afterward

all adventures and exposures and hardships were undertaken with an arm so maimed that it was painful to raise a fowling-piece to his shoulder." In putting up a new mission station he broke it over again, but barely mentioned the fact. Thirty years afterward—after his remains had been carried one thousand miles to the coast by faithful African followers, and thence to England, to be deposited in Westminster Abbey among the illustrious dead—a company of royal surgeons identified the body by the scar and compound fracture made by the lion's teeth.

Four years he toiled on alone, putting aside all thoughts of matrimony; but at last, in 1844, he writes: "After nearly four years of African life as a bachelor I screwed up courage to put a question beneath one of the fruit trees, the result of which is that I became united in marriage to Mr. Moffat's eldest daughter, Mary." The young couple spent their first year at Mabotsa; then on to Chonuane, forty miles north. "The chief, Sechele, here was his first convert, and in a few weeks was able to read the Bible, his favorite book being Isaiah. 'He was a fine man, that Isaiah;

he knew how to speak.'" In his newborn zeal Sechele proposed summary methods of conversion. "Do you think you can make my people believe by talking to them?" he urged. "I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them, and if you like I shall call my headman, and with our whips of rhinoceros hide we will soon make them all believe together." This offer was declined, and Sechele soon began to understand Livingstone's spirit and to adopt his methods, though their apparent failure grieved him sorely. He began family worship in his house, and surprised Livingstone by the simple and beautiful style in which he conducted it; but except his own family, no one attended. "In former times," he complained, "if a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting, too. If he loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But now it is different. I love the word of God, but not one of my brethren will join me."

After a time they go still farther north, to Kolobeng. Livingstone is never idle. He gathers information, heals the sick, and tells the natives of Jesus, ending every article,

every letter, and every prayer with the words, "Who will penetrate Africa?" He hears of a doctrinal controversy going on at home, and it makes him sick at heart to know that millions perish while well-fed brethren split theological hairs. He gains few converts, but only reports the actual number, saying that five good ones are better than fifty poor ones, though fifty sounds better in the statistics. At this period his brother Charles came to America to secure an education that he might be a missionary. He had not money enough to get it in England. He landed in New York with ten dollars, where he bought a loaf of bread and a piece of cheese and started for Oberlin College.

In 1849 Livingstone discovered Lake N'gami, the first European to look upon its waters. But at once he declared that the discovery was a part of the enterprise for Christ's kingdom, and would open the way into the interior. He never forgot the "smoke of the thousand villages." Discovering lakes and exploring new tracts were only means to ends. In 1850 one of his children, a babe six weeks old, died. A little later Charles proposed to him to come to America and settle, which brought forth

the famous declaration: "I am a missionary, heart and soul. God had an only Son and he was a missionary and a physician. I am a poor, poor imitation of him, or wish to be. In this service I hope to live, in it I wish to die." But this missionary physician had the plans and visions of a statesman. The slave trade fairly froze his blood. He set aside small plans for large ones. He saw the traffic in human beings intrenched from coast to coast. He felt that a path must be opened across the continent from east to west so that lawful commerce and Christian civilization could enter. Men at home, men who had never seen a mission field, the men who always know at a distance far more than the man on the ground—these men complained. They styled Livingstone's efforts as "wanderings." They wanted him to settle down, to teach, to train a few souls. He knew that to be a noble work, but not his at that time. He writes to his father: "The conversion of a few cannot be put into the scale against the truth spread over the whole country." The word "wanderings," he said, contained a lie like a serpent coiled up on its bosom.

On April 23, 1852, Mrs. Livingstone and

the four children started for England. It was a very great trial to them all, but it was necessary. The children could not be educated in that heathen land. But Livingstone spoke two or three sentences in connection with this event which ought to be written in letters of light before all managers of missions and missionaries. These are the sentences: "Missionaries expose their children to a contamination which they have had no hand in producing. We expose them and ourselves for a time in order to elevate those sad captives of sin and Satan who are the victims of the degradation of ages. None of those who complain about missionaries sending their children home ever descend to this. The mark of Cain is on your foreheads, your father is a missionary. Our children ought to have both the sympathies and prayers of those at whose bidding we become strangers for life."

David and Mary Livingstone consecrated themselves to the redemption of Africa, her consecration being as true and as willing as his. The separation was as painful for her as for him. She had no enjoyment in England with her noble husband in Africa.

And yet they said, if merchants, explorers, and seamen could separate from their families for years for love of gain, could not they endure as much for Christ? There were those, most of them comfortable souls sitting at home, who said that this separation was for the mutual pleasure of this heroic pair; that Africa was more agreeable to David with Mary in England, and England more attractive for her with the doctor in Africa. Listen to one of his letters:

"My Dearest Mary: How I miss you now, and the children! My heart yearns incessantly over you. How many thoughts of the past crowd into my mind! I feel as if I could treat you all much more tenderly and lovingly than ever. You have been a great blessing to me. You attended to my comfort in many, many ways. May God bless you for all your kindnesses! I see no face now to be compared with that sunburnt one which has so often greeted me with its kind looks. Let us do our duty to our Saviour, and we shall meet again. I wish that time were now. You may read the letters over again which I wrote at Mabotsa, the sweet time you know. As I told you before

I tell you again, they are true, true; there is not a bit of hypocrisy in them. I never show all my feelings; but I can say truly, my dearest, that I loved you when I married you, and the longer I lived with you I loved you the better. . . . Let us do our duty to Christ, and he will bring us through the world with honor and usefulness. He is our refuge and high tower; let us trust in him at all times and in all circumstances. Love him more and more, and diffuse his love among the children. Take them all around you and kiss them for me. Tell them I have left them for the love of Jesus, and they must love him too, and avoid sin, for that displeases Jesus. I shall be delighted to hear of you all safe in England. . . ."

Being left thus alone, he turned his face toward the interior, visited numerous tribes, preached everywhere, went alone, carrying neither purse nor scrip; living on what he found or what was given to him, walking or sleeping in the midst of hostile tribes in absolute fearlessness. Part of the country was flooded, and the travelers had to wade all day, forcing their way through sharp-

bladed reeds, with hands all raw and bloody, emerging with knees, hands, and face cut and bleeding. It required all his tact and power to prevent the guides and servants from deserting him. Every one but himself was attacked with a fever, and he writes: "I would like to devote a portion of my life to the discovery of a remedy for this terrible disease." At last he was smitten down, and we find in his journal: "Am I on my way to die in the Sebituanes country? Have I seen the end of my wife and children? O Jesus, fill me with thy love now, and I beseech thee accept me and use me a little for thy glory. I have done nothing for thee yet, and I would like to do something."

Then some of the missionaries in South Africa accused him of worldly ambition. They said that he was sinking the missionary in the explorer. But this is what he writes about it:

"The natives listen, but never suppose the truth must be embodied in actual life. . . . A minister who had not seen so much pioneer service as I have done would have been shocked to see so little effect produced. . . . We can afford to work in faith.

. . . When we view the state of the world and its advancing energies by childlike—or call it childish—faith we see the earth filling with the knowledge of the glory of God—aye, all nations seeing his glory and bowing before Him whose right it is to reign. We work toward another state of things. Future missionaries will be rewarded by conversions for every sermon. We are their pioneers. They will, doubtless, have more light than we, but we served our Master earnestly and proclaimed the same Gospel they will do."

And again he writes: "I place no value on anything I have or possess except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. It is not the encountering of difficulties and dangers in obedience to inward spiritual promptings which constitutes tempting Providence, but the acting without faith, proceeding on our own errands with no previous convictions of duty and no prayer for aid and direction. Help me, Thou who knowest my frame and pitiest me as a father!"

His whole mind was set to find a way to the west coast. He knew that the attempt was in the nature of a forlorn hope, but still it was worth trying. He wrote: "Can-

not the love of Christ carry the missionary where the slave trade carries the trader? I shall open up a path to the interior or perish." Now, it does not matter very much what the world says or thinks of a man with that spirit. For years he saw no white face. For years he lived alone in the heart of the Dark Continent; battled with polygamy, with cannibalism, incest, and slavery, and with every conceivable form of detestable sin. But the difficulties of this journey to the west coast did not discourage him. He calmly made up his mind that he was as like as not to die on that journey, so he made his will, and this is what he says:

"May Christ accept my children for his service, and sanctify them for it! My blessing on my wife. May God comfort her! If my watch comes back after I am cut off it belongs to Agnes; if my sextant, it is Robert's; the Paris medal to Thomas, and the double-barreled gun to Zouza. Be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow, for Jesus' sake. The Boers, by taking possession of all my goods, have saved me the trouble of making a will."

On November 11, 1853, he left Linyanti, almost in the center of lower Africa, and seven months later arrived at St. Paul de Loanda, on the west coast. There is no way to describe this journey. It is full of incident. But the most impressive thing about it all was the horrors of the slave trade as witnessed on this long journey. Every day he saw families torn asunder, dead bodies along the way, gangs chained and yoked, skeletons grinning against the trees and by the roadside. As he rowed along on the river Shiré the paddles of his boat were clogged in the morning with the bodies of women and children who had died in the slave-chained gangs and been thrown into the river at night. The air was thick with vultures following them. He counted bodies in the stream by the score as they came floating down. He found the horrible system intrenched from the center of the continent to the coast. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that he felt that the exposure of this gigantic iniquity must be his principal work. So he writes to his father that he cannot settle down to teach and train and turn a few souls to Christ. The conversion of a few cannot be put into the

scale against the truth spread over the whole country. This lonely missionary opening up a highway across the continent for commerce, for civilization, for the Gospel, rose to the stature of a statesman. Beautiful incidents occurred on this trip showing the devotion of his men. Listen: "Some of my men proposed to return home, and the prospect of being obliged to turn back from the threshold of the Portuguese settlements distressed me exceedingly. After using all my powers of persuasion I declared that if they now returned I should go on alone, and, returning into my little tent, I lifted up my heart to Him who hears the sighing of the soul. Presently the headman came in. 'Do not be disheartened,' he said; 'we will never leave you. Wherever you lead we will follow. Our remarks were only made on account of the injustice of these people.' Others followed, and with the most artless simplicity of manner told me to be comforted—'they were all my children; they knew no one but Sekeletu and me, and would die for me; they had spoken in bitterness of spirit, feeling they could do nothing.'"

It was seven months before he finally

reached the west coast. The hardships had been incredible. Thirty attacks of fever had so weakened him that he could scarcely mount his ox or hold an instrument for a simple calculation. Once more, near the end, the hearts of his men began to fail, and they hinted their doubts to him, and he said: "If you suspect me you can return, for I am as ignorant of Loanda as you. But nothing will happen to you but happens to me. We have stood by each other hitherto, and will do so until the last." When they reached Loanda Livingstone was poor and ragged, a skeleton, almost consumed with dysentery and famine. It seemed for weeks that he could see nothing but visions of naked men with spears and clubs, bodies of slaves dead and dying, pestilence walking at noonday, destruction wasting at midnight, a land covered with skeletons, preyed on by fever, looted by the slave driver, appealing hands everywhere, and no deliverer, no physician.

When he reached the coast a Portuguese gentleman gave him a suit of clothes, and Livingstone blessed him in the name of Him who said, "I was naked, and ye clothed me." Dr. Gabriel, the English commis-

sioner for the suppression of the slave trade, received him with the utmost kindness, giving him his own bed, of which Livingstone said: "Never shall I forget the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English bed after six months' sleeping on the ground." And yet great disappointment awaited him here. There were no letters from home, no tidings from family or friends. An English vessel lay in the harbor and a berth was offered him. No one would have complained if he had accepted the opportunity to go home. He prepared his journals, made reports and observations, put them aboard the *Forerunner*, turned his back on the ship and let it set sail. The ship was lost off Madeira, and all her passengers perished but one. Of course, all Livingstone's papers were lost. Upon hearing of it he stopped, reproduced his dispatches and maps. It was like Carlyle's rewriting his *French Revolution* after its destruction in Mill's household. Why did he not go home? He had promised the natives that he would see them home. He had pledged his word to Sekeletu that he would return with the men, and his word to the black men of Africa

was just as sacred as it would have been if pledged to the queen. He kept it as faithfully as an oath made to Almighty God. It involved a journey nearly two years in length, a line of march two thousand miles long, through jungles, swamps, and desert, through scenes of surpassing beauty. But it was two years from that day before he came out on the east coast at Quilimane, and from this time he was the best known, best loved, and most perfectly trusted man in Africa. Everywhere and every day he had preached. He had healed the sick of their diseases. He had discovered the Victoria Falls and the two magnificent ranges which were free from the fever and the fly. At the junction of the Loangwa and Zambezi rivers he thought that his end had come, and he writes in his diary, "O Jesus, grant me reliance on thy powerful hand and resignation to thy will." Then, thinking of home and of what he might say if he could get back to England, he adds: "But wilt thou not permit me to plead for Africa? See, Lord, how the heathen rise up against me, as against thy Son. A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, on thy kind arms I fall." Then the Scotch pluck asserts itself, and he

writes: "Should such a man as I flee! Nay, verily, I shall take observations of latitude and longitude to-night, though they be my last. I feel quite calm now, thank God. O Lord, remember me and thy cause in Africa." And from the perils of this day the Lord delivered him, and he was able to make his report, transmitting to the London societies a map of Central Africa, a map of the highest value.

At this very time Sir Roderick Murchison writes him of the honor paid him by the Royal Geographical Society for the greatest triumph in geographical research effected in our times, and tells him why the society has conferred its gold medal upon him. But the heart of the doctor is larger than the heart of the explorer, and his chief human joy was that he had discovered what he believed to be a remedy for the deadly fever.

It was now sixteen years since he had left England, and there was no reason why he should not return. So, on the 9th of December, 1856, he reached his home once more, and found himself almost the most famous man in London. Honors poured upon him enough to turn a man's head. The Royal

Society held a special meeting of welcome. He was introduced as the man who had traveled over eleven thousand miles of African ground, had done incalculable service in the way of exploration, had opened a whole world of immortal souls to the Gospel, and had glorified the British name by faithfully keeping his word to the black men to whom he had given it. Mrs. Livingstone stood by his side, and Lord Shaftesbury paid her equal tribute with her husband, and all England said Amen. Livingstone was presented to the royal family, and honored with the freedom of London. Everywhere the most distinguished honors were paid him. He remained in England less than two years, working night and day upon his books, dedicating the profits immediately to the cause of opening Africa. But all the time he was thinking, not of England, but of the Dark Continent. He said of himself and his wife, "Whoever stays, we will go." He had further plans of exploration. "But always," as he writes, "the end of the exploration is the beginning of the enterprise." His own country—Scotland—honored him with the freedom of its cities. Its universities gave him their highest degrees. There

were public receptions and a public testimonial. There were farewell meetings, attended by nobles and scholars, and at last, as he started away, Sir Roderick Murchison said: "Notwithstanding months of laudation and a shower of all university honors, he is the same honest, true-hearted David Livingstone as when he came forth from the wilds of Africa." At Cambridge he delivered a memorable address, in which he said: "It is deplorable to think that one of the noblest of our missionary bodies, the Church Missionary Society, is compelled to send to Germany for missionaries. The sort of men who are wanted for missionaries are such as I see before me. I beg to direct your attention to Africa. I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country which is now open. Do not let it be shut again. I go back to Africa to try to open a path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you."

Sixteen months he remained at home, and went away with the net result of his visit, as was said at the farewell dinner, that he had found Africa the Dark Continent, and left it the most interesting part of the

globe to Englishmen. He went back as the queen's consul, wearing the gold band about his cap, but he went once more for the same old enterprise. A public reception was given him at Cape Town, where six years before they had hated him. In 1858 he explored the Zambezi, in '59 the Shiré, in '60 he discovered Lake Nyassa, and in '61 he explored the river Rovuma. He established the sites of mission stations, preached constantly, and carried on a religious and scientific correspondence with the leading societies of England. His purpose, recorded away back at the beginning, grew stronger rather than weaker. In 1862 he preached to the tribes on the shores of Lake Nyassa. He found that twenty thousand slaves were dragged from that region alone and sold at Zanzibar, and he learned that as many more were cruelly murdered. His letters thrilled the civilized world as he exposed the iniquity of this horrid traffic.

Mrs. Livingstone returned to Scotland in 1859, placed the children in school, and in 1862 rejoined her husband in Africa. For the Dark Continent they intended to live and die together, but less than six months after her return her health gave way, and

on the banks of the Shiré the daughter of Robert Moffat, the wife of David Livingstone, lay down to her everlasting rest. Then the man who had never feared the face of beast or foe, who had faced death countless times, cried out like a stricken child, "For the first time in my life I want to die." The body of Mary Livingstone was buried under a baobab tree at Shupanga. But Livingstone's work was not done. Even grief must not hinder him from doing it. He must penetrate to the fountains of the Nile, and he must break up the infamous slave trade. In 1864 he returned to London again, with two objects in view: the exposure of the slave trade, and the securing of means with which to open a new mission above the Portuguese lines. On the first of August, 1864, he was with his mother and children at Hamilton. Only his eldest boy, Robert, a boy of eighteen, was absent. The boy had gone to Natal in the hope of reaching his father. Failing in that, he had crossed to America, enlisted in the Federal army, had been badly wounded, taken prisoner, died at last in the hospital, and was buried in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg. There is something very fitting in all that.

The father was giving his life for the perfect liberty of the black man in the Dark Continent; the boy giving his for the liberty of the black man and the integrity of the nation, and was buried at last in the spot over which sounded Lincoln's immortal words.

Livingstone was everywhere received with the highest honors. He was with the Turkish ambassador when the crowd cheered, and Livingstone said, "These cheers are for you." And the ambassador replied, "No, I am only what my master made me: you are what you made yourself." Back again after a few months in 1866, he reached the African coast, ascended the Rovuma, disappeared for three years, visited Lakes Meroë and Tanganyika. Meantime he preached the Gospel to thousands and tens of thousands. He still found the villages of which Moffat had spoken to him years before, where the name of Jesus had never been spoken. And this was his faith: "It is a mistake to suppose that God is too exalted to notice our smallest affairs. A general attends to the smallest details of his army. A sparrow cannot fall to the ground without your Father. With his

ever-loving eye upon me I may truly go to the front with the message of peace and good will." The Portuguese intercepted his letters and cut off his supplies. He writes that he is near the source of the Nile, and possibly in the wilderness where Moses once was.

In 1871 his strength utterly failed. His feet ulcerated, his teeth came out, he lay in his low hut for eighty days, and read his Bible four times through. He writes upon the fly leaf, "No letters for three years. I have a sore longing to finish and go home, if God wills." Relief, letters, and supplies had all been sent to him, but he never received them. Many of the letters that he wrote never reached their destination. But he had accomplished his purpose. He had exposed the slave trade. In 1871 he reached Ujiji, a worn, exhausted, skeleton of a man. The world had not heard from him for years, and the anxious question everywhere was, "Is he dead or alive?" The Royal Society sent out a search expedition.

One day Henry M. Stanley was sitting at a hotel in Madrid, when a telegram was handed to him which read: "Come to Paris on important business. Bennett." On his

arrival Mr. Bennett said, "Where do you think Livingstone is?" The correspondent could not tell—could not tell whether he was alive, of course. "Well," said Mr. Bennett, "I think he is alive and that he may be found, and I am going to send you to find him." And this was the order: "Take what money you want, but find Livingstone." In January, 1871, Stanley reached Zanzibar, and began to organize his expedition. For eleven months this determined man went on through incredible hardships. He coaxed the weary, whipped the stubborn. The feet of some were bleeding from thorns; others fell by the way, but on they went. Once in his journey Stanley wrote: "No living man shall stop me. Only death can prevent me; but death —not even this. I shall not die; I will not die; I cannot die. Something tells me I shall find him. And write it larger, *find him*, FIND HIM!" Even the words are inspiring. One day a caravan passed and reported that a white man had just reached Ujiji. Stanley's heart thumped as he asked them, "Was he young or old?" "He is old; he has white hair on his face; he is sick." So Stanley pushed on night and day until they

came in sight of Ujiji. "Unfurl the flags and load the guns," said Stanley, his nerves quivering with excitement. And the flags floated out, and the guns thundered over the plain. And they were answered by hundreds of Africans with shouts. Suddenly Stanley heard a voice say, in good English, "Good morning, sir." He was startled, and asked abruptly, "Who the mischief are you?" "I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone." Then a thrill went through Stanley's soul, and all the fatigues and the perils of that year were forgotten. Let Stanley tell the story himself:

"First his two servants appeared; by and by the doctor. As I advanced slowly toward him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band around it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward; would have embraced him, only did not know how he would receive me. So I did what cowardice and false pride suggested, walked deliberately to him, took off my hat and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' 'Yes,' said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap. I replaced my hat, he his

cap, and we grasped hands. And I said, 'I thank God I am permitted to see you,' and he answered, 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.' "

Of course Stanley was supplied with all that the good man needed. He brought Livingstone letters for which he had patiently waited for years. He brought him news. It was two full years since Livingstone had heard anything from Europe. The coming of Stanley revived Livingstone's spirits.

Stanley remained with him for months. The correspondent of the *New York Herald* took his first lessons in exploration at the hands of the master. He grew into enthusiasm and hero worship. He wrote: "You may take any point in Dr. Livingstone's character and analyze it carefully, and I will challenge any man to find a fault in it." And he had discovered Livingstone's secret. "His religion," he writes, "is a constant, earnest, sincere practice. It is neither demonstrative nor loud, but manifests itself in a quiet, practical way, and is always at work. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features; it governs his conduct, not only toward his servants, but toward

the natives, the bigoted Mohammedans, and all who come in contact with him. Without it Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiasm, his high spirit and courage, must have been uncompanionable and a hard master. Religion has tamed him and made him a Christian gentleman, the most companionable of men and indulgent of masters." Stanley received and mastered a true lesson in the treatment of natives. He tried to induce the doctor to go home with him. But Livingstone's heart was resolute. The old explorer set his face as a flint. He did not feel that his work was done. Stanley started eastward, and the old man in the gray clothes, with bended head and slow steps, returned to his solitude. "I took one more look at him," said Stanley. "He was standing near the gate of Kwihaha, with his servants near him. I waved my handkerchief to him, and he responded by lifting his cap." This was Livingstone's last sight of a white man. The old world has borne on her surface few nobler or more pathetic figures since time began.

In 1872, March 19, he writes: "My birthday! My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All! I again dedicate my whole self to

thee. Accept me. And grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my work. In Jesus's name I ask it. Amen."

May 1, he writes: "Finished a letter to the *New York Herald* to elicit American zeal to stop the east coast slave trade. I pray for a blessing upon it from the All-Gracious." The last sentence of this letter is the one finally inscribed on Livingstone's tomb. "All I can add in my loneliness," it runs, "is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world!"

Weary months followed—months of plans, of travels, of toils, of hardships—and the last of April, 1873, a year after Stanley had left him, he had reached the village of Ilala, at the southern end of Lake Bangweolo. He had made his observations and written his journal carefully; had drawn maps and given his orders. The heroic spirit was still struggling to finish the heroic work. But on the morning of the first of May, 1873, at four o'clock, the boy who lay at his door called in alarm for Susi, fearing their master was dead. "By the candle still

burning they saw him, not in bed, but kneeling at the bedside with his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. The sad yet not unexpected truth soon became evident; he had passed away without a single attendant on the farthest of all his journeys. But he had died in the act of prayer—prayer offered in that reverential attitude about which he was always so particular; commending his own spirit, with all his dear ones, as was his wont, into the hands of his Saviour; and commending Africa—his own dear Africa—with all her woes and sins and wrongs, to the Avenger of the oppressed and the Redeemer of the lost."

The behavior of his African servants after his death is beyond all praise. First, they removed and buried his heart. Then they dried his body in the sun, wrapped it in cloths, lashed it to a pole, and set out on their homeward march. It was a weary journey; exposures, sickness, oppositions, all combined to make it difficult. Nine weary months tested their steadfastness and devotion, and on Saturday, April 18, 1874, nearly a year after his death, the remains of the great missionary were committed to their resting place in Westminster Abbey.

The black slab that marks the end of the pilgrimage bears this inscription:

Brought by Faithful Hands
Over Land and Sea,
Here Rests
DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
Missionary, Traveler, Philanthropist.
Born March 19, 1813,
At Blantyre, Lanarkshire.
Died May 1, 1873,
At Chitambo's Village, Ilala.

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave trade of Central Africa, and where, with his last words, he wrote:

"All I can add in my loneliness is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

The tributes are all of a kind. This from Sir Bartle Frere will answer as a specimen of all the rest:

"As a whole, the work of his life will surely be held up in ages to come as one of singular nobleness of design and of unflinching energy and self-sacrifice in execution. It will be long ere any one man will be able to open so large an extent of unknown land to civilized mankind; yet

longer, perhaps, ere we find a brighter example of a life of such continued and useful self-devotion to a noble cause. I could hardly venture to describe my estimate of his character as a Christian, further than by saying that I never met a man who fulfilled more completely my idea of a perfect Christian gentleman, actuated in what he thought and said and did by the highest and most chivalrous spirit, modeled on the precepts of his great Master and Exemplar."

His heart lies buried under the tree in Ilala, his bones in Westminster Abbey; but "the end of the exploration is the beginning of the enterprise," and his life goes steadily on. Long ago Melville B. Cox wrote: "Though a thousand die, let not Africa be given up." And that word, with Livingstone's last prayer there, is as quick and powerful in the Church as it has ever been. Such men as Livingstone constitute Christianity's last answer to heathenism. Christianity makes such men as this. This is why it is worth while to send Christianity to all the world. But Christianity must go in the person of such men as this. It is said that the Protestant Church is liberal in its use of Bibles, and the Roman Catholic

Church liberal in its use of men. The Church which shall redeem Africa must be liberal with both. We must send our men, living epistles, with the open book in their hands. The methods of Livingstone and the spirit of Livingstone have perpetual value for the evangelization of that Dark Continent. In Stanley's great address before the Methodist preachers of New York he used these words:

"Now, cast your eye at the south part of Africa. There the European has come, and he is spreading his beliefs and his creeds and his religion in like manner, and introducing his system of civilization; and they are advancing steadily and slowly toward the equatorial region, until by and by they are arrested in like manner as they come under the influence of the Zambezi. But one bold man, a missionary, left the ranks of those who were pressing on toward the north, and pushed on and on until he came to the Zambezi. He felt that influence, but, undaunted, he pressed on and crossed Africa to St. Paul de Loanda. He returned again with his native followers to Linyanti, and the chief of the Makololo gave him permission to take them to the

seacoast. The faithful natives of inner Africa waited for the return of their master near the banks of the Zambezi, close to the sea. Livingstone went home, received due honor for what he had done, and returned to Africa. He took up his march back, and made journeys, and finally died in Ilala, at the southern end of Lake Bangweolo. But if you look at the illustration of his route you will see that it is the rude figure of the cross. And now you may be able to draw the moral point I have to tell you. You have asked me what have been the causes of missionaries being imperiled. Wherever that good man went he was received. A few rejected him, but the majority listened to him calmly and kindly, and some of them felt quite ready to be of his profession and of his belief. But the words that he dropped were similar to those of the angels heard over Bethlehem, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.' On the other hand, in northern Africa it was an attempt to invade by violence, and it failed, and there was not one that had the courage to step out of the ranks and press on. They returned. But this lone missionary pressed on and on until he had drawn the rude

figure of a cross on the southern continent of Africa, and then he said with his dying words: 'All I can add in my loneliness is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world.' And the 'cross turns not back.' The open sore will be healed. Africa will be redeemed."

II

Alexander M. Mackay, the Hero of Uganda

BY

J. T. Gracey, D.D

II

Alexander M. Mackay,* the Hero of Uganda

A STUDENT of the operations of divine Providence is frequently surprised with the marvelous connections established between men and events widely separated from each other by place and time. A striking illustration of this, or rather, many such, are found in the modern history of missions on the continent of Africa, the grouping of which requires a bold hand.

A little African lad is stolen by slavers from his home in West Africa, allotted to a chief, swapped for a horse, sold again in the slave market, and again to Portuguese slavers, shipped for foreign parts, captured and released by a British man-of-war, sent to school at Sierra Leone, educated for the ministry, becomes Bishop of the Niger and Archdeacon of the English Church. He was a lad of a dozen years on the deck of the man-of-war which captured the slaver. There was on this vessel a young

*Mackay is pronounced Mac-kay', the emphasis being on the last syllable.

officer, whose son, George Shergold Smith, furnishes a link in this story which will be mentioned later on.

The noble life of Adjai, the slave boy baptized as Samuel Crowther, who became Bishop of the Niger, was devoted to missionary work on the west coast of Africa and up the valley of the Niger; while far away on the east coast of the continent, distant as far as San Francisco from Ireland, in Abyssinia, another young missionary, John Ludwig Krapf, entered upon his work almost simultaneously with Samuel Crowther on the west coast, who had as important a providential work to perform in the redemption of Africa as any man whose biography has been given to the world. He was a great linguist, a great explorer, who endured exposure, suffering, and sickness, was abandoned by his servants in an enemy's country, came well-nigh dying of famine, buried his wife and child among wild tribes, nevertheless prosecuted his mission from the northeast coast into the Galla country, and dying, bequeathed "to every missionary coming to East Africa" the "idea of a chain of missions" across the entire "Dark Continent." "Every-

one," he wrote, "who is a real patriot will open this bequest and take his portion out of it as a fellow-partaker of the tribulation, of the patience, and of the kingdom of our God."

Krapf did not quail at the cost. He said, "The first resident of the new mission ground is a dead person of the missionary circle; our God bids us first build a cemetery before we build a church or dwelling house, showing us by this lesson that the resurrection of East Africa must be effected by our own destruction." When three mechanics died he wrote: "'That is fine business,' you will say, 'the heavy part of the army is beaten, and the light division completely unnerved, and yet you will conquer Africa, will *draw a chain of missions* between the east and the west."

But Crowther at the west and Krapf at the east welded the first links of that chain which in the succeeding half-century were destined to be joined to others till the whole is now in sight of being constructed.

Krapf's explorations conduced to the greater acquaintance with the interior of northern Africa. But they did far more. The discovery of snow-capped mountains,

where the maps had shown only sandy desert, excited European geographers, but they did not half so much arouse Europe as did his hints gathered from natives from time to time about the existence of a great lake which they declared could not be traversed from end to end in a hundred days. This information stirred the mind of western Europe. It resulted in the expedition of Burton and Speke to discover the sources of the Nile, and the ultimate revealing of the great chain of lakes so familiar to us now, of East Central Africa, one of which—Nyassa—was reached also by Livingstone from the south. In 1861 Speke and Grant explored the Nyanza, naming it Victoria Lake, and showed the Nile flowing out of it northward. It is a great inland sea, 3,300 feet above sea-level, covering a territory "larger than that of Scotland." Stanley came a little later to find the hut where Livingstone had died on his knees, to turn Mtesa, King of Uganda, from Mohammedanism to Christianity, and to appeal to Christendom to send missionaries into his kingdom; and then, still later, to discover the Congo and reveal a water highway "from salt sea to salt sea." All this power-

fully stirred the Christians of western Europe, and a vigorous missionary policy for the lake region of East Central Africa was inaugurated.

We return for a moment to the west coast to show another "link" in the providential development of this transcontinental chain of missions. We have alluded to the young officer on the man-of-war which rescued the slave boy who became a bishop in the great Church of England. When the Church of England determined on attempting the great lake missions of East Central Africa, and looked about for a competent person to organize and conduct their expedition, in whom should they find their agent but in a son of the young officer of the British man-of-war which set the little slave lad free on the west coast? This was none other than Lieutenant George Shergold Smith, a name sacred forever in missionary history. He had gained experience in campaigning in Africa in the Ashantee war; later became a student of theology in England, and in declaring his love for the African said to the Society, "Send me to Africa. I am willing to take the lowest place." This son of the Royal Navy officer, now a young captain

and theological student, was immediately joined by another, the son of a Free Church of Scotland minister—Alexander M. Mackay—whose story it is proposed now briefly to sketch.

"Mackay of Uganda," as he is familiarly spoken of, was never in "Orders" as a minister of the Gospel, but his illustrious example as a layman furnishes inspiration to a far more numerous company than that of the ministry, and will impel others who have never felt called of the Holy Ghost to take upon them the vows of the sacred office to join the great band of clerical workers. There are indications that the body of the Church—laymen—are to find vast opportunity in the missionary fields of the world, along not only professional lines as physicians and educators, but also along well-nigh all the vocations as mechanics and tradesmen, as engineers, inventors, and "pathfinders," in the introduction of Christian civilization as a handmaid to the Gospel minister. The career of Mackay of Uganda should be carefully considered by all administrators of missionary schemes, for the light it will shed on the great questions connected with the employment of lay mission-

aries, in all countries—eminently in Africa. But Mackay's character and career will repay close examination by the entire body of the laity of the Christian Churches, specially by young men, as affording them help in character-building. The heroic element is so prominent, the experiences so thrilling at times, and the noble balance of all manly qualities so remarkable, that, in fact, there is no class of readers who will not be instructed and interested by the life story of this man, who, when gauged by his mighty achievements, "was not too young to die."

Alexander M. Mackay was born in the village of Rhynie, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, October 13, 1849. His father, Rev. Alexander Mackay, LL.D., was a fine specimen of the "plain living, high thinking" northern Scotch; the manse was the resort of other "high thinkers," brainy and brawny men, and his sister, in the Preface to the biography of her brother, says of the father, his "painstaking interest in the training and early education of his children laid the foundation of the noble self-sacrificing life" of this pioneer missionary of the Church Missionary Society of Uganda. At three years of age we find the subject of our sketch

NEBRASKA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE LIBRARY

reading the New Testament; at seven, *Paradise Lost*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and kindred literature, and for four years thereafter he was a great devourer of books. His father taught him geography, astronomy, and geometry. From the age of eleven till he was thirteen his interest was diverted from books to engines, blacksmithing, and the trades; at thirteen his interest in book study revived, and he made progress in mathematics, but was at odd bits of time interested in photography, shipbuilding, and the like. His mother died when he was sixteen, charging him to search the Scriptures. At eighteen he entered a teacher's training college, and afterward studied applied mechanics, engineering, higher mathematics, physics, and, one year, surveying and fortification. He was twenty-four years old when he went to Germany, where he became the draughtsman of a large engineering establishment at Berlin. He was intent on spreading a knowledge of evangelical truth among the German people while prosecuting his studies and occupied with his employment. In 1875, when twenty-six years of age, he offered himself for service in missionary work in

Mombasa, but the place was already filled. He again offered himself for service in Africa, when Stanley's call for men for Uganda reached him in Germany. The Church of England Missionary Society accepted him gladly, the next candidate after Lieutenant Smith, and the party left England April 25, 1876, for Lake Nyassa.

There could be no question as to the motive which inspired him in tendering his services to the Missionary Society. Zinzendorf cried out, "I have but one passion; it is He, He alone." "God first put into my heart a compassion for the poor souls of these Indians," says the devoted Eliot. "I remembered a time, out in the woods back of the Andover Seminary," wrote Judson, "when I was almost disheartened. Everything looked dark. No one had gone out from this country. The way was not open. The field was far distant and in an unhealthy climate. I knew not what to do. All at once that 'last command' seemed to come to my heart directly from heaven. I could doubt no longer, but determined on the spot to obey it at all hazards for the sake of pleasing the Lord Jesus Christ."

Thus has it been with all great mission-

ary souls. Thus was it with the young engineer Mackay. He was pushing the acquisition of his knowledge in this secular line, but his whole soul "burned for the deliverance of Africa."

The heroic element dominated him from the start. "Though a thousand fall, let not Africa be given up," said the devoted Melville B. Cox, when, as the first American Methodist missionary to any foreign country, he was starting for Africa. And thus Mackay's words on the threshold of his departure for Uganda rank among the great utterances of the world's greatest souls. The farewell interview of the representatives of the Missionary Society under whose auspices he and seven others were about departing as notable missionary "pathfinders" was about concluded. They had listened to tender words of encouragement and received their final instructions, delivered by Rev. Henry Wright, the honorary secretary. Each in turn made response. Mackay came last because he was the youngest of the invincible band. His words are worthy to be written in gold. "There is one thing," he said, "which my brethren have not said, and which I want

to say. I want to remind the committee that within six months they will probably hear that one of us is dead." The words startled everyone present, and there was profound silence. "Yes," he resumed, "is it at all likely that eight Englishmen should start for Central Africa and all be alive six months after? One of us at least—it may be I—will surely fall before that. But what I want to say is this," and the solemnity deepened as he concluded, "when the news comes do not be cast down, but send some one else immediately to take the vacant place." The soldiers in the great charge of Balaklava who rode into the "jaws of death," with "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them," were brave and disciplined, and the "rush" was under the immediate passion of the moment, but Mackay was not in the "fray;" there was no great audience; it was in a quiet missionary committee room in Salisbury Square, London, that he uttered these cool words of noblest courage and consecration.

Of the eight who started on that mission from the quiet little mission room in London only three ever reached their destina-

tion on the shores of Lake Nyassa. James Robertson, a skilled artisan, died of fever shortly after his arrival on the coast of Africa, before the last of the party started inward. It was again true, as in Krapf's case, "the first resident" was a dead person of the missionary circle. The medical member of the expedition, Dr. John Smith, soon after succumbed to sickness, and the leader of the expedition, Lieutenant George Shergold Smith, son of the Royal Navy officer who witnessed Samuel Crowther's release, was murdered, and with him Mr. T. O'Neil, second in command of the little craft *Daisy*, scarcely more than launched on the west side of Lake Nyassa. W. M. Robertson and G. J. Clark returned to England —only two of the original eight were left, Rev. C. T. Wilson on the shore of the lake, and Mackay hundreds of miles away, not yet having reached the field.

THE ROAD-BUILDER

Little idea can be had of an African jungle even where forest trees are neither large nor numerous. The thicket of vines and underwood is such that Mackay, speaking of the road from the coast to the interior,

said he could not "pull a donkey through it." He undertook to construct a rough road for bullock-wagons with only native laborers ignorant of such work. He equipped forty men with American hatchets, English axes, Snider sword-bayonets, picks, spades, and saws, cocoanut-ropes, a small grindstone, and a donkey load of nails, and for fifty miles cut this road through dense jungle, where even when a tree was "cut down" it would not fall over by reason of the thick creepers clustering in festoons from one tree to another. Over one great ravine he built a bridge hard as iron, to the astonishment of the inhabitants who gathered about their fires in the evening to talk about the "big road," which was finished in about a hundred days. Mackay walked backward and forward the two hundred and fifty miles which he constructed, a half-dozen times over. This was done with such food as could be got, and sleeping, as he says, in a cowbyre, a sheepcote, a straw hut not larger than a dog kennel, a hen-house, and often no house at all, caring little which, so he could get tolerably clear of ants and mosquitoes; the black ants he declared worse than any pestilence of the

plagues of Egypt. His English food was exhausted because thieves took a fancy to it, and he subsisted on thick porridge, which tasted like sawdust and ashes. He believed this native food might be good enough for Europeans if only the natives were not too greedy to cook it properly, or cleanly enough to keep the sand out of the meal when grinding it. He had through all these months been exposed to the jealousy of native tribes, who looked upon his "big road" as only a highway for Europeans who hated the slave trade. Enormous stretches of the country through which he passed were mercilessly devastated by Arab slave-hunters, great caravans of whom were carrying tons of ivory to the coast, each with "a string of living little ones trotting on with necks linked together to be disposed of to the highest bidder at the coast."

A good deal of the detail of this road-building experience has one way and another been preserved to us, though, like most such explorers, Mackay far preferred making history or civilization to writing about it. Speke was used to say he would rather walk across Africa again than write an account of his first journey, and Mackay declared he

would rather brave a hundred days in this unsettled country than set his mind to report the events of a single day.

It must be borne in mind that Mackay's party had set sail from Teignmouth harbor, March 11, 1876, in the *Highland Lassie*, an eighty-ton sailing yacht. But Mackay did not sight the Victoria Nyanza till June 12, 1878, having, as we have seen, been taken ill on the journey to the coast, and sent back, and, after recovering, set at building two hundred and thirty miles of road from the coast inland to Mpwapwa, which occupied him more than two years, though his chief work was to have been to take out the small steamboat, the *Daisy*, and set it up on the great Victoria Nyanza. Others did this before Mackay arrived; six of the members of the mission perished; and when at length he reached the inland sea he found the little craft sadly out of repair.

With his first glance at the lake, just before reaching Kager, he shouted "Thalassa! Thalassa!." We will let him tell his own story of what he found on his arrival; the freed slaves and runaway slaves of Zanzibar, having been left in charge after Lieutenant Smith was murdered, had helped

themselves to what they valued, and the rest was sadly spoiled. Mackay wrote:

"In a huge hut, lent us by Kaduma, the chief of the place, I found all that was left of the valuable property of the expedition, except such articles as have already been taken to Uganda. Piled in heaps promiscuously lay boiler shells and books, cowrie-shells and candle-molds, papers and piston rods, steam pipes and stationery, printers' types and tent poles, carbolic acid, cartridges and chloroform, saws and garden seeds, traveling trunks and toys, tins of bacon and bags of clothes, pumps and plows, portable forges and boiler fittings, here a cylinder, there its sole plate, here a crankshaft, there an eccentric. Despair might well be found written on my features as I sat down after two years' march to rest and look round on the terrible arrangement."

He found the *Daisy* without a sound plank in her; the rays of the sun had split them, the teeth of the hippopotamus had pierced them, and the white ants had honeycombed them. All the parts were, however, here, after having been separated into manloads of seventy pounds, and carried seven hundred miles overland.

Day after day the natives stood round in wonder while Mackay patched the planks and calked the cracks, sprawled on the ground, with hammer and chisel, copper plates, zinc sheets, cottonwood, nails, screws, bars of iron, brass rods and bolts, the use for which no native could guess, beneath the vessel, which gradually grew before the admiring natives, who, like all Africans of Central Africa, knew of no better way to fasten two pieces of wood together than lashing.

THE COUNTRY OF UGANDA—POLITICAL, SOCIAL

We have said nothing of the country or people of Uganda to whom Mackay and his companions were designated as missionaries, the first from any civilized country. It will be well to keep in mind the root-word *Ganda*, to which prefixes are attached. U or Bu before it makes it the country of Ganda; as Uganda, Buganda. If the prefix be Wa or Ba it indicates the people of the country, Waganda or Baganda; if the prefix used is Ki, Lu, or Ru, it means the language of Ganda.

Uganda, or Buganda, covers, with its dependencies, some seventy thousand square

miles bordering on the northeast coast of Lake Nyanza, or Victoria Lake, the second largest lake in the world—second only to Lake Superior. Uganda contains the richest and most fertile part of the section of the great lakes of eastern equatorial Africa. The people (Waganda or Baganda) are supposed to belong to the great Bantu family, and number about five million souls. The Swahili language, which dominates the eastern coast and is extensively used over large parts of central and southern Africa, is spoken fluently in the capital of Uganda and generally in the market towns.

The government of Uganda is a moderately limited monarchy, the king being supreme and absolute master of the land, though in state affairs his power is measurably controlled by three hereditary vassals, called "wakungu;" the Governor of Udi, a sort of "mayor of the palace," being also a member of the council, and, in the king's absence, takes his place. He is nominated by the king. The governing body is composed of these four persons, together with other grand persons, feudatory lords of the district and palace dignitaries, which together constitute a privy council, or a sort

of cabinet. The three "wakungu" select the successor of a king, on his death, from among his children.

Polygamy prevails, and there are more women than men, as in war the Waganda kill the males and make captives of the females. The women perform all the labor, the strength of the men being reserved for war. A young man only works till he can, by purchase or by war, get wives enough to perform the labor in his stead. They treat their slaves with gentleness and the stranger with kindness, but have small regard for human life. When Speke first entered their country he found them well clad, and they have made much progress since that time.

In matters of religion they are in strong contrast with natives of the west coast. They agree in recognizing one God; but these of East Central Africa have no idols or fetiches, while their Supreme Being, who made the world and mankind, is esteemed to be too exalted to pay any attention to human interests. Their worship is chiefly confined to inferior deities, good and bad demons supposed to inhabit special localities, known by the general name of *lubari*

(spirits). The principal of these is a sort of Neptune who inhabits the lake to control its waters, and whose influence extends more or less over the whole country; he enters some human beings, through whom he speaks as an oracle, and becomes the source of disease, and controls the rain, war, famine, or pestilence, and also foretells events. When about to make a voyage the Waganda seek to propitiate this spirit; canoes are gathered together, the chief holding a banana on the uplifted paddle of his canoe over the water, praying at the same time for a prosperous voyage; or they may pray to other spirits supposed to abide in hills for protection for their cattle, each being known by his specific name. There are also river spirits, and former kings become demigods. They are specially superstitious and constantly use charms of pieces of wood, horns, or rubbish for protection against evil. Medicine men have peculiar power with them as regular doctors as well as in the role of fortune-tellers. Foreign religions have made but little impression upon them. Moslems, after sixty years among them as traders, made no converts. Mtesa would never submit to circumcision,

and though at times he favored Mohammedanism, the Arabs never claimed him as a convert. Mr. Wilson, missionary, however, thought on his first acquaintance with the people that the lower classes could be drawn to Christianity.

THE MISSIONARY MECHANIC

Mtesa, King of Uganda, had received Wilson, the only other survivor besides Mackay, at his court, and erected for him a tiger-grass hut a mile from the palace. He was fairly friendly, and allowed religious services to be held regularly on Sunday mornings when the king hoisted his "flag," a "nondescript thing consisting of pieces of red, blue, and white calico sewn together." Passages of Scripture were read in Kiswahili, the king translating into Luganda, even at times exhorting the people to become Christians, though he never did so himself. For three months Wilson lived in Uganda alone. He returned to the south end of the lake, where he met Mackay, arrived from the coast.

Wilson and Mackay started for Uganda, arriving, after being wrecked in the *Daisy* on the way, February 14, 1879. Mackay

soon had two workshops of wickerwork plastered with clay, and built a carriage for the king to be drawn by bullocks. He was always finding time, if only late at night, to teach the natives letters. He was occupied, too, in trench-making, translating, making a vocabulary, learning the language, washing, ironing, brick-making and candle-making, planting, printing, and a host of things besides. More than fifty men and boys came to him daily for instruction. His house and his workshop were filled with visitors admiring his versatility of genius and the results of it. The king even asked for baptism, but on conditions which could not be complied with. Mackay's teaching was by what he called the "look-and-say" method, for which he prepared large fly-sheets in the Uganda language. He carved wooden types for making reading sheets, giving away and teaching alphabets from the types as he finished cutting them. Many a day he worked hard at vice and lathe to get plantains, which was the substitute for bread; but pupils were at his side while he worked at the bench, even chiefs shouting out their sheets side by side with their slaves. He

even had a limited font of lead types, cast by himself, before one year had passed at Uganda

OPPOSITION

The Arabs had no fondness for the missionaries, because they antagonized not only Mohammedanism, but the slave trade, of which they were the principal agents. Mohammedanism has been spread all through this country by firearms. A village was selected by the slave hunters, surrounded at night, the able-bodied men slaughtered or captured, and the whole secured for transportation to the coast at Zanzibar for the slave market. They were frequently, however, offered the alternative of turning Mohammedans, in which case those able for war were made to join the raid on other villages. All those captured were taken, not out of the country, but traded for elephants' tusks, ivory being as great an object with the Arabs as slaves. These Moslems had extended their influence greatly through Uganda, and Mtesa, the king, was turned from allegiance to that faith by Mr. Stanley, who translated some portions of the Scriptures for his use, and induced him to appeal to England for teachers of Christianity.

The old heathen element, however, stoutly held its influence, and there came a great revival for *lubari* worship, which burst suddenly one day on the king and the missionaries. They sought to compel the king to forbid Mackay teaching his religion, and to reinstate the *lubari* at court. Mackay wrote: "For several months I have found the word *lubari* more or less in every one's mouth. Many spoke the name with awe, while others refused to say anything, good or bad, of such a being." He then learned that the *lubari* was a spirit personified in an old woman living on the lake. Traders were unable to cross the lake just now because the *lubari* was about to visit this section of the coast of the lake. This *lubari* (woman) was coming to the capital to cure the king of his sicknesses. This goddess was known by the name of Mukasa, and Mackay so actively antagonized the *lubari* that he gained the title "Anti-Mukasa." Added to all else the Jesuits reached Uganda and were doing all in their power to proselyte the Christians and gain control of the king. Thus the complications thickened.

Poor Mtesa was vacillating, now asking for baptism, now refusing to hoist the flag

over the chapel for Sunday service, and again ordering the return of the old Moslem worship and the cry "Allah Akbar." He was Christian, Moslem, or worshiper of the *lubari*, all in turn, or neither of them, as the whim or the passion of the hour prevailed. But he had unlimited power of life and death, was weakened by inherited superstitious fears, and everyone, without exception, in his realm knew that at Mtesa's order his head might come off any hour, with or without cause, be he noble, chief, or peasant.

Human sacrifices were performed on a large scale at Mtesa's court. His diviners recommend these at times as a remedy for the king's disease, and the executioners are ordered out to collect victims.

FIGHTING SUPERSTITION

Mackay or any other missionary was no less subject to the whim of this spoiled, flattered, vacillating tyrant than was any other person in his realm. Hence it may be seen that it required coolness, courage, and infinite tact to make any headway with him without losing one's own head. That was a contingency never absent, and Mac-

kay was never free from peril from the monarch nor from the superstitious people.

"I sit before you," said Mackay to the king one day, "your servant and the servant of Almighty God, and in his name I beg of you have no dealings with this *lubari*, whether a chief tries to persuade you to do so or a common man advises you." "If this Mukasa is a *lubari* then he is a god," he continued, when arguing at court, "and thus there are two gods in Uganda —the Lord God Almighty and Mukasa; but if Mukasa is only a man, as many say he is, then there are two kings in Uganda —Mtesa, whom we all acknowledge and honor, and this Mukasa, who gives himself out as some great one."

The adroitness with which Mackay kept up the religious discussion with the king, the court, the Moslems, and the defenders of the *lubari* can only be appreciated when followed day by day with all the turns of the debate and the complexity of events.

When at last the king declared they would all leave the Christians and Moslems and go back to the religion of their fathers, Mackay reminded him that he was in Uganda because the king had requested Stanley to ask

for white men to teach his people. The king parried this by saying he wanted them to teach his people how to make powder and guns. Mackay said he had never refused to work for the king, and there was not a chief present for whom he had not done work, and like Paul, showing his chains, he exhibited his hands black with working in iron every day. But as to merely working for them, he came to Uganda for no such purpose, and he would return to England if that was all they wanted of him.

But, strange to say, that was the last thing either chiefs or king would consent to, so far as Mackay was concerned. Other missionaries might leave, be put out of the country, or be put to death in it, but Mackay was their wizard at work, all the while rendering himself so necessary to them as artisan, inventor, road-builder, boat-builder, house-builder, engineer, printer, doctor, or what not; and though always as shrewd a theologian as he was anything else, he was not to be dispensed with. Thus it occurred that the *lay* missionary was in favor, had influence and permanence of position, which the mere teacher and preacher had not.

It was not merely to the king and his court that Mackay was a missionary, nor was he confined to his industries as a teacher. One day he bought a powerful charm to give the crowd a lesson in the worthlessness of idols. Some said, in answer to his questions, that the *lubari* or spirit was in the charm. "Will it burn?" asked Mackay. "O no, the *lubari* will not burn." "Is not this charm mine? Did I not buy it?" said Mackay." "Yes, yes, it is yours." "Then may I not do with it what I like?" "O yes." "Very good," said the missionary. Then taking out his pocket lens he made fire with the sun's rays, gathered a bundle of wood, and soon had a brilliant blaze. "Can your witches make fire out of the sun as I have done?" he asked. "No, no." "Then you see I am cleverer than these gods whom you worship?" "Yes, you make magic," they said. "Well, you say there is magic in this charm which I have bought?" "Yes." "Well, let us see;" and he threw the charm into the fire, and it was soon ashes. "You are a god," some said; others, "You are a devil;" but, being neither the one nor the other, he was ever on the alert to instruct the people in the

truth, a veritable powerful missionary to the common people.

We have no space to interweave a history of the Uganda Mission, not even an account of the reinforcements from time to time arriving from England and their part of the work, especially the church organization which fell to them as clergymen. But Mackay had been training native Baganda, and many whom he brought to Christ afterward suffered martyrdom. The other missionaries were greatly indebted to the foundation work of Mackay. Mr. O'Flaherty, one of the missionaries, wrote: "We have a text-book of theology, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Decalogue, texts of Scripture so arranged that they teach the plan of salvation, the duties of a subject to his sovereign, and sovereign to subject, and all to Christ." These had been printed by Mackay—three hundred copies, besides an equal number of alphabetical spelling sheets in Luganda, "no small work on a toy press," as Mr. O'Flaherty said. These two years, 1882 and 1883, were altogether a time of encouragement. The Rev. R. P. Ashe, whose name is linked with the after history of the Mis-

sion, arrived in Uganda in April, 1883. A few converts had been baptized. Four lads were baptized March 18, 1882, and Sembera, a slave of one of the chiefs, who had received instruction under Wilson and Mackay, had learned to write without ever having a lesson in writing, wrote his application for baptism to Mr. Mackay in Luganda with a painted piece of speargrass and some ink of "dubious manufacture," received baptism, taking the name of Mackay.

A NEW KING—"THE GREAT TRIBULATION"

In October, 1884, Mtesa died, and died a heathen. His son, Mwanga, a weaker and far wickeder man than the father, came to the throne. From various causes he soon began a persecution against the Christians. The Arabs reported that the missionaries were harboring malefactors, and orders were given to arrest all Baganda found on their premises. Mr. Mackay asked leave of the king to cross the lake. An army was raised intended to entrap and kill him the next morning. Some of the native Christians were arrested, taken to the borders of a dismal swamp, a rough scaffold was erected

and heaped with firewood. The crowd mocked their poor victims. The chief said, "O, you know Isa Masiya (Jesus Christ), you believe in the resurrection. Well, I shall burn you, and see if it be so." The lads behaved bravely, and one report says they sang in Luganda, "Daily, daily, sing the praises." They were tortured before death, their arms being cut off and flung upon the burning scaffold. The youngest pleaded that they would do him the one favor of throwing him unmaimed upon the flames, but they would not heed his request.

That night Mackay wrote in his diary, "Our hearts are breaking." The death of the young martyrs was only the beginning of persecution that acquired the title of "the great tribulation."

Bishop Hannington and all his party, recently arrived in Africa from England, were all murdered at the king's command as they approached Uganda by the northeast end of the lake, that being called "the back door of Uganda," and everyone was forbidden to approach the country by that route—a fact unknown to the bishop. This was owing to political jealousies which cannot be here narrated. Mackay wrote Octo-

ber 20, "After dark Ismail came to tell us that messengers had returned from Busoga with the tidings that the white men had been killed and all their porters. O night of sorrow! What an unheard-of deed of blood!"

The year 1885 ended in great sorrow to the missionaries. What was there to prevent Mwanga from taking their lives when he had not stuck at murdering their chief? The king complained that the missionaries knew all his secrets from his own pages—Christian lads—who with wonderful devotion and courage continued to visit the mission houses to apprise the missionaries, from time to time, of their peril. Roman Catholics and Protestants were alike in jeopardy, and all became far more so after Hannington's murder, as Mwanga feared vengeance on the part of Great Britain. The missionaries knew they were more and more in peril, and Mackay tried to get the boats (twelve miles distant) in order, to facilitate their flight when necessary and if possible.

June 28, 1886, Mackay, writing to his father, said, "Only a month ago a violent persecution against Christians broke out,

and they have been murdered right and left. 'The Christians are disobedient and learn rebellion from the white man. I shall kill them all,' said the king. He ordered their arrest, and a dozen were hacked to pieces the first day and their members left lying in all directions on the road. Bands were sent out in all directions to catch and kill."

ALONE

The king gave out that the missionaries would not be allowed to leave the country, but would be held as hostages, as he feared the English would be upon him for the murder of Hannington. August 28, 1886, Mackay wrote to his father: "Recently Ashe and I have been trying to get permission to leave. This was refused. Next we tried to get leave for one of us to go. The king has again and again absolutely refused permission for me to leave the country, but he has allowed Ashe to go. . . . I must be content to remain alone, yet not alone. I can ever be of service to the scattered remnant of the infant Church; and our God will prepare the way for better things to come."

Mackay was now left alone, the sole sur-

vivor once more of all the mission force, for eleven months, in Uganda. His position was extremely uncomfortable and disquieting, being constantly suspected by the chiefs and king of having some secret understanding with the government of England to obtain possession of the country. Not only was he restricted in his movements, but again and again plots were laid to destroy him, though he made no attempt to escape, but continued busy, now making an enormous flagstaff for the king, now translating Scriptures, now freely using the printing press, and now seeking to bring Mwanga to his plans for free communication with Emin Bey. He wrote to his friends in England that he had not the slightest desire to escape if he could do a particle of good by staying. The *Eleanor* was in port twelve miles away, and he might possibly make a dash for it, but he did not feel himself warranted in doing so at this time. Meanwhile he was endeavoring amid the multiplicity of his industries to complete the translation of the gospel of Matthew, which he did, rewriting the whole to the end, having it in type as far as the twenty-third chapter. In case of sudden

expulsion the manuscript, he thought, might be saved and the mere printing done somewhere else. Books and papers continued to be purchased, and it was difficult to keep his stock well up. His sheets of the Litany were exhausted, and he had but a few copies of the hymns on hand.

Although the rest of the missionaries had been permitted to leave Uganda, and the king refused to let Mackay go under the pretension of his great affection for him, yet his enemies, the Arabs, never intermitted their purpose either to kill or to get rid of him. He had, from the first, been the opposer of their wicked deeds, and they could recognize that he had the ear of the king. They endeavored to arouse the king's distrust and anger against him by representing his object as a political one. After much disputing and questioning the king at last decided that Mackay should leave the country on condition of sending another missionary to take his place. This spoiled the plans of the Arabs, who had it in their thought to plunder the station after Mackay had gone. The last plan of Mackay's arch-enemy was to get himself appointed as a messenger to take him across the lake, which plan, how-

ever, Mackay was able to avert. On July 21, 1887, Mackay locked up the mission premises, "left the keys with the French priests, and worn with worry, work, and farewells, started for the port, where he had to patch and repair the *Eleanor* before starting on his voyage to the south end of the lake," where he arrived on August 1.

"We do not want to see Mackay's boat again in these waters," were the words of the Mohammedans as they drove out the missionaries in October, 1888, and never again was it to touch the shores of Uganda. The vessel had done its work and was worn out. "The man who had put her together and completed another boat to replace her," says Miss Stork in the *Story of Uganda*, "the man whom all Uganda knew and respected, whom heathen and Mohammedan feared, the man whom they looked upon as inseparably connected with the cause of Christ in these regions, was never again to revisit the land for which he had toiled and prayed; but the cause of Christ, his Master and King, triumphed over all foes and all obstacles, and before he closed his eyes on earth he saw this, the greatest and most tyrannical power in all East Africa, in the

hands of men who rejoiced in the name of Christian.'

REVOLUTION IN UGANDA

Leaving Mackay for the present, we will continue our glance at the immediately succeeding history of events in Uganda. Mwanga's cruelties had disgusted the people. He had a large bodyguard, consisting of Mohammedans and Christians, and it was ascertained that he had a plot to destroy them all: the Mohammedans because they would not eat the king's meat, and the Christians because they would not work on Sunday. His plan was to have them carried to a small island in the lake and leave them there to starve. Most of the young chiefs of the country had forsaken the worship of the *lubari* (spirits), and were alarmed at Mwanga's cruelties, as were the people at large. In September this bodyguard, becoming aware of Mwanga's scheme for their destruction, quietly rose up against him and in a single day effected the most peaceful and satisfactory of revolutions.

They immediately reorganized the government with Kiwewa, an older son of Mtesa, as king, and making a Roman Catholic

Christian chief judge, a Protestant Christian the next high officer, put Christians and Moslems in all other important posts. Religious liberty was proclaimed, and the real feelings of the people of Uganda toward the missionaries were manifested by a rush to them for instruction. The Mohammedans, however, soon fell out with the Christians, and after a brief struggle overcame them, killing the Christian admiral and some others, placing Moslems in all offices, and summoning the missionaries before them.

Mackay had been allowed to leave Uganda on condition of sending some other missionary in his place, probably with the purpose of holding him as a hostage in case the English attempted to visit with vengeance the murder of Bishop Hannington. Mr. Gordon and Mr. Walker were sent to the Mission, but on arriving at court were seized and imprisoned in a miserable hut for seven days, the Mission property being destroyed at the time when they were summoned to court. The upshot of the whole matter was that the missionaries were driven out of Uganda and most of the native Christians fled the country, finding shelter under the protection of a

native prince in the adjoining country immediately west of Uganda. How many of them thus found refuge it is impossible to say, but Mr. Stanley, in a letter written to the Church Missionary Society presently afterward from Ankoli, which was supposed to be tributary to Uganda, but at the fall of Mwanga became semi-independent, makes the statement on their own authority that they numbered between two and three thousand. Mr. Stanley gives in this letter an account of an interview with Samuel and Zachariah, of the Protestant Mission of Uganda, who told him the wonderful story of the deposition of Mwanga and the growth of the Christian Mission. Mr. Stanley says: "I would have liked nothing better than to have had one of these two men in London to have told it in their own Swahili, and to have got some interpreter to interpret sentence after sentence. It was most graphic, most beautiful." He says: "Now I notice that as soon as they left my presence they went to their own little huts and took out little books that they had in their pockets in their clothes, and one day I called Samuel to me and asked him, 'What book is that you have? I did not know Uganda read

books;' and that was the first time I knew they had the gospel in Luganda. Then I took greater interest, for I found that almost every one of the party had a small pamphlet in Luganda—prayers and the gospel of Matthew, and, I think, of Luke. I remember very well seeing the word *Mathaio*, or Matthew, on the top of the book on its title-page. I noticed that after the conference where the princes and leaders of Ankoli ceded their country they retired to their huts and threw themselves upon the ground, and took out the books and began to read them; and they gathered together and began to talk. And the question was asked me by one of them, with a sort of deprecating smile, 'Are all white men Christians?' That was more than I could venture to say, though I hoped, of course, they were. Then he put a point-blank question to me and said, 'Are *you* a Christian?' Then I asked him, 'Do you consider *yourself* a Christian?' 'Of course I do,' he replied. 'How long have you been a Christian?' 'Well,' he said, 'I am one of Mackay's pupils, and learned from him; and this book was given to me and to every one of us. There are about twenty-five hun-

dred of us, all belonging to Mackay's Mission.'"

MACKAY AT THE SOUTH END OF THE LAKE.

It is not possible for us to follow the history of the Mission in Uganda in further detail, as our object is to follow Mackay, who had removed to the south end of the lake and was occupied in the mission at Usambiro, in the territory of a friendly chief. Bishop Parker arrived there just out from England soon after, and a missionary conference, composed of six brethren, was held for days at the station. One of the missionaries, and also the bishop, were within a fortnight suddenly smitten with fever and died. The others removed to other mission stations, except Mr. Ashe, who remained a little while longer, and was obliged on account of ill health to return to England, leaving Mackay once more alone. Mackay carried on his retranslation of St. John's gospel, and also occupied himself with gathering the material in the forest for building another steam launch. In a letter of April 23, 1888, he says: "Twice within a fortnight Ashe and I have performed the sacred duty of commending our dying brethren to

the Saviour whom they served, and closing their eyes. On both occasions I read the funeral service at the grave, in Swahili, a score of African Christians from Freretown standing around. It has indeed been a heavy time of sorrow to us all, but more so to the distant friends will the news bring sudden grief. The conquest of Africa has already cost many lives, but every one gone is a step nearer victory. The end to be gained is, however, worth the price paid. The redemption of the world cost infinitely more." On August 8, 1888, he wrote: "I have my hands full preparing to build our new boat. I have to cut the timber some twenty miles distant and have it carried here. You will probably be disgusted at hearing that I am busy just now in making bricks to make a house in which to construct the vessel. Within the last fortnight we have made some ten thousand. That is doubtless poor work to be occupied with in a mission field, but it must be done, and in even such humble occupation I hope the good Lord will not withhold his blessing. Mission boats, unfortunately, do not *grow* of themselves; they have to be built, every inch of them, but trees have been growing

for ages, of the Lord's planting, and as we fell them I like to think that he ordained them for this purpose."

Within less than a month he found himself with smallpox raging everywhere, and the duty fell to him of vaccinating hosts of people, old and young. Smallpox in some Eastern countries, as in India, is not so generally fatal as in other countries; but in Africa it is a dreadful scourge. Before the year closed a number of the Christian people of Uganda, who had succeeded in escaping from the country, found their way to Mackay at Usambiro and were hoeing ground and planting seeds. Mackay was meanwhile engaged in translating and pushing the building of his steam launch for facilitating communication on the lake, on the shores of which they hoped to have several stations.

MACKAY'S DEATH

On January 2, 1890, Mackay wrote his last message to English Christians, in which he appealed for reinforcements. He wrote as follows: "Mwanga says, 'I want a host of English teachers to come and teach the Gospel to my people.' I write, imploring you to strengthen our Mission, not by two

or three, but by twenty. Is this golden opportunity to be neglected, or is it to be lost forever?"

MACKAY'S ASCENSION

It was about a month after this that Mackay himself received a call to "come up higher." His only fellow-laborer, Mr. Deekes, was suffering from ill health and about to return home, but on the morning Mr. Deekes was to start Mackay was taken ill with fever, was four days delirious, and February 8, 1890, at 11 P. M., he died, a few months more than forty years old.

A coffin was made for him out of the wood he had gathered for the boat, and the village boys and the Christians from Uganda sang in the Luganda language at his grave on the following Sunday afternoon, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Colonel Grant, who, with Speke, discovered this lake, wrote: "I had the utmost confidence in him and looked forward to the time when he would sail around the lake in his own steamer, and when we should have him among us to tell all he knew of that deeply interesting country which I almost love—Uganda. The blow to civili-

zation in Central Africa which has fallen on us is not easily repaired, for a score of us would never make a Mackay." A great burst of lament and of admiration swept over the Christian world as it learned of the death of Mackay. The Church of England missionary authorities confessed frankly that, as much as they had admired him, they had not at all realized the position he had gained in the public mind, and declared that they were not in the least prepared for the burst of admiration elicited by the tidings of his death. The London *Times* correspondent at Zanzibar wrote of the "irreparable loss to the cause of African civilization" involved in his death. The *Pall Mall Gazette* called him "The St. Paul of Uganda." The Leeds *Mercury*, Manchester *Examiner*, and other great provincial daily papers gave much space to the consideration of Mackay and his work. One of his missionary associates, Mr. Ashe, declared that "the missionary work done in Uganda could never have been accomplished if it had not been for his determination to hold on at all costs. He had learned the secret of being steadfast and unmovable. He had his temper wonderfully under control.

Sometimes the Highland fire would flash out, but never betrayed him into unworthy deeds. I remember him especially during our days of cruelest trial in Uganda, how on that first miserable day of persecution, when the bloody Mujasi seized us and our followers, Mackay, though only just recovering from fever, was perfectly cool and collected, and seemed not to feel the fatigue of the long and harassing march back; how clearly he stated our case to the unjust judge; how wise he was in counsel, how prudent in his dealings with the fickle Mwanga; and I believe, had it not been for Mackay's influence with the old chiefs, the Mission would hardly have weathered the three distinct storms of persecution which burst over it in Mwanga's first years as king."

Mackay's career exhibited such versatility of talent as rarely centers in one man. He could grapple with Mohammedans in sharp theological controversy, or sit for hours teaching boys to read, or patiently translate the Scriptures into a language that had neither grammar nor dictionary, and was thus a many-sided and intense missionary; while the great variety of his industrial and

civilizing agencies made him, all in all, the noblest lay missionary the Church and the world has seen, and the loftiest exemplar of which there is any record of what lay missionaries and industrial missions mean.

It is not for many to be so possessed with "diversities of gifts," but it is with all of us to present whatever gifts we have upon the same altar on which Mackay consecrated his.

> "We plow it, and we dig it, and we sow the furrowed land,
> But the growing and the reaping are in the Lord's own hands."

III

The Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, Pioneer in Arabia

BY

ARTHUR T. PIERSON

III

The Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, Pioneer in Arabia

HISTORY is "philosophy teaching by examples;" precept reduced to practice; the Book of Life presented in an illustrated, sometimes an illuminated, edition.

The heroic young man whose brief biography is now to be recorded represented the very flower of British civilization; and the lesson of his short but beautiful career may be comprehended in one sentence: The best is not too good for God's work, and the length of life is not the measure of its service.

Oliver Wendell Holmes quaintly but profoundly said that the training of the child begins a hundred years before its birth. In other words, character has its law of heredity; it transmits, at least, its aptitudes. There is something in blood, in breeding, literally construed; and young Keith-Falconer might well be proud of his lineage, for in more senses than one it was noble. He could trace the stream of his family life

back through eight centuries. In the year 1010, when Malcolm II was King of Scotland, Robert Keith, his remote ancestor, by his valor and prowess in the battle with the Danish invaders, won the title of Hereditary Great Mareschal of Scotland; and what Robert Keith did in battle for the Scottish crown his descendant, long after, did for the crown and covenant of the King of kings —he became a standard-bearer on the battlefield where the Moslem and the Christian powers meet, to contend for the victory of the ages; and he won a higher honor and title than can be conferred by human sovereigns as one of the Knights of the Cross.

It is now a little over forty years since Ion Keith-Falconer was born in Edinburgh, Scotland; and just then began an eventful era in missions, when more new doors were suddenly thrown open for missionary labor than in any previous decade of years since Christ's last command was given to his Church. Born in 1856, he died in 1887—his brief life-story on earth covering only about thirty years. Yet, if "that life is long which answers life's great end," we must count these thirty years as spanning eternity, for they wrought out God's eternal

purpose, and left a lasting legacy of blessing to the young men of all generations, the true wealth and worth of which only eternity can compute.

This biography may perhaps best be studied from four points of view: his boyhood, his college life, his home work, and his pioneer enterprise on the shores of the Red Sea.

The first period we may rapidly sketch, as the materials are not abundant. He was marked, as a boy, by four conspicuous qualities: a certain manliness, magnanimity, piety, and unselfishness—rare traits indeed in a lad. He loved outdoor sports and excelled in athletics. Six feet and three inches in height, and well formed, his physical presence, when he attained full stature, was like that of Saul, the first king of Israel, and made him conspicuous among his fellows. No wonder that he was a favorite with the modern advocates of muscular Christianity, since at twenty he was President of the London Bicycle Club and at twenty-two the champion racer of Britain, distancing in a five-mile race, in 1878, even John Keen himself. Four years later he was the first to go on his wheel from Land's End to John O'Groat's House—very

nearly one thousand miles; and he triumphantly accomplished that feat in thirteen days—an average of nearly eighty miles a day.

If his stalwart manhood won applause, much more his sterling worth as a man of inward strength and symmetry. Let us not forget that this champion in the race for muscular superiority was too strong and brave in soul to be overcome of his own lusts, or enticed. He loved truth in the inward parts, and had no patience with shams or frauds; and he recalls to our thought the famous statue which represents Veracity, standing with open face, the mask of dissimulation lying at his feet, cleft with the sword of Sincerity. He was not ashamed to make the Bible the one book he loved and studied; and from the earliest dawn of his intelligence he was a faithful and loyal student of God's Holy Word, and sought by obedience to get ever-increasing knowledge of its true spirit and meaning.

Better than all, yet by no means independent of the rest, were his unselfish piety and charity. To impart is the highest blessedness, though most of us do not learn the bliss of giving, if at all, until late in life.

A true benevolence is the ripest fruit, and grows on the topmost branch of holy living. Yet this lad early showed a deep sympathy with sorrow and suffering, and his boyhood's days are even yet remembered for his simple ministries to those who needed help. His old nurse has told how he went about, a boy of seven, reading and, in his way, explaining the Bible in the cottages of poor peasants; and how, having on one occasion spent his pocket money for some baker's choicest cakes, he bestowed them all, untasted, upon a hungry boy. What a prophecy all this of the man who was to give his short life to teaching the ignorant, and himself to become one of God's barley loaves to feed dying souls!

We come now to glance rapidly at his college life. Keith-Falconer was an example of concentrated powers of mind as well as of body, of a fine quality of brains as well as brawn. He mastered "shorthand," for instance, and rivaled Pitman himself. Those who want to see how a young man may distinguish himself in this difficult art would do well to read his article, "Shorthand," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which is a model of careful and compre-

hensive statement as to the science and art of phonography. Although he might not, perhaps, have been accounted a genius, he had the genius of industry, and, by "plodding," like William Carey, achieved distinction. He was conscientious in his curriculum, and applied himself to hard tasks, and patiently and persistently overcame obstacles, until he rose to an enviable rank and won honors and prizes which the indolent and indifferent never secure. We shall see, later on, how he was appointed to the professorship of Arabic at Cambridge University—a fitting crown to his academic career, in which he successfully mastered not only the regular and ordinary tasks, but theology, Hebrew, the Semitic languages, and kindred studies, and learned the Tonic Sol-fa system of music.

The missionary spirit burned in him, even in college days and within college walls, though the atmosphere of a university is not very stimulating to aggressive and evangelistic piety. The lad who, at Harrow School, not yet fourteen years old, was, by the testimony of the masters, "energetic, manly, and vigorous," although "neither a prig nor a Pharisee," was, dur-

ing his brilliant career at Cambridge, which began in 1874, not only fearless in the avowal of his Christian faith, but was moved by that passion for souls which compels unselfish utterance and effort in behalf of others. In temperance and mission work he both used and tested his powers and adaptations as to a wider field of service. He became the leader of a band of Christian students who, in the old theater at Barnwell, near Cambridge, carried on ragged school work and similar Gospel evangelism. From among themselves and friends, he and his fellow-workers raised about eight thousand dollars to purchase the building, and there a wide-reaching service began, whose harvest is not yet wholly gathered and garnered. In this sphere Keith-Falconer earnestly and vigorously wrought, and when he spoke uttered the clear common sense which is better than ambitious oratory.

A field in London next drew him. When yet but a lad of fifteen he had met F. N. Charrington, then a young man of twenty-one, who, while going afoot through Aberdeenshire, had paid a visit to the house of his father, the Earl of Kintore. Between

Keith-Falconer and Charrington, notwithstanding six years' difference in their ages, a very intimate friendship at once sprang up, which bore that most blessed fruit, fellowship in holy work for God and man. Mr. Charrington, now so conspicuously known as the founder and leader of the Tower Hamlets Mission in the East End of London, had, two years before meeting young Keith-Falconer, consecrated his life, at the cost of surrendering a princely fortune as a brewer, to uplifting and redeeming the East End drunkards and outcasts. When, late at night, he watched the wretched wives and mothers anxiously waiting for their husbands outside the vile drinkshops over which the name of "Charrington, Head & Co." shone in gold and azure, he felt a mighty impulse within him to break off the yoke of the drink traffic; and, resigning the eldest son's birthright share in the business, he accepted a smaller portion, and even that he laid on the altar of humanity, resolved that the money, largely coined out of human woe, should be dedicated to human weal, in raising out of drunkenness and vice the very classes that the beershop had dragged down. Charrington began his work in a

hayloft; from there he was crowded into a larger hall; then a big tent, until, in 1877, a larger Assembly Hall was opened—now twenty years ago—where two thousand people were gathered night after night for nine years.

Keith-Falconer's name is inseparable from the grand work of Charrington, and therefore it is no digression to give that noble enterprise ample mention. The two young men, moved by a similar impulse, were divinely knit together, as were David and Jonathan. During his Cambridge days Keith-Falconer often went to London to visit his friend, watch his work, and give it help. He also took his share of the opposition and persecution that made Charrington its target. He accepted, with him, the "mobbing" which rewarded unselfish service to the degraded slaves of drink, going with him to the police office, when his friend was arrested on false charges, as one that was turning the world upside down. Like Charrington, also, he had his reward. He saw drunkards reformed, gangs of thieves broken up, public houses deserted and for sale at half their cost, and homes redeemed from the curse of rum and crime.

During the fearful winter of 1879 the feeding of hungry multitudes occupied the attention of Charrington and his helpers, and led ultimately to the erection of that new hall which, at a cost of $200,000, stands with its buildings as a perpetual benediction to the neighborhood, and in which for over ten years untold blessing has been imparted to thousands and even millions. In that larger Assembly Hall the writer has more than once spoken, and in the personal acquaintance of the founder and father of the enterprise he rejoices. From personal observation, therefore, he can testify that in that grand audience room on Mile End Road five thousand people gather under the sound of one voice; there, every night, a Gospel service is held; the days of mob violence are over, and Mr. Charrington finds stalwart defenders in the poor victims whose yoke he has been the means of breaking, and the whole East End is gradually being redeemed from its social anathema.

In all this work Keith-Falconer has an eternal share, as in its reward. It was he who, as honorary secretary, issued the necessary appeals, himself becoming a beggar for funds and a donor to the extent of $10,000.

As a college student he would hurry off to the metropolis for a week at a time, lend a hand and a voice as needed, visit the poor, teach the word, aid in administrative details, and then hurry back to Cambridge and its duties. In his *Memorials of Ion Keith-Falconer* Mr. Sinker says:

"In the summer of that year (1886) I accompanied Keith-Falconer to see the building, and we were taken by Mr. Charrington to the central point of the upper gallery of the great hall, to gain the best general view of the room. As we sat there I could not but be struck with the similar expression on the faces of the two men. It was one in which joy and keen resolve and humble thankfulness were strangely blended. One great work for God which Keith-Falconer had striven hard to further he was allowed to see in its full completeness, carried on by men working there with heartiest and purest zeal. Not while any of the present generation of workers survive will the name of Keith-Falconer fade out of loving remembrance in the great building in Mile End Road."

All this work he did as a humble layman, who did not often speak in public, but who

had learned the secret of "having a talk with a man," and one man at a time—as Jesus did with Nicodemus and the Samaritan woman. This was his form of evangelistic and missionary work, getting in touch with an individual soul, and finding the secret key that unlocked the heart—a personal, private conversation about the most important matters. Such a method of service courts no publicity and escapes observation, but does not fail of recognition in God's book of remembrance, where a special record is kept of those who think upon His name and speak often one to another.* For example, while on a bicycle tour with a friend in Sutherlandshire, in 1884, he wrote to his wife: "We had a job to get across the Kyle. It was very low water, and we had to wade some distance before we got to the boat. We had a talk with the boatman, who said he had been praying and searching for years, but couldn't find Him." This modest, unpretending sentence, written to her he loved best, reveals the habit of the man.

The fourth and last period of his life is forever linked with Arabia. After he passed his last examination at Cambridge,

* Mal. iii, 16.

in 1880, Keith-Falconer gave himself, with all his concentration of mind, to the study of the Arabic, including the Koran. First he got from books what preparatory knowledge of that difficult tongue he could, and then went to the Nile, and at Assiout resided for some months with that well-known missionary, Dr. H. W. Hogg, to acquire the colloquial language, learn the temper of the Arabic mind, and study the Moslem faith. Then he again sought the university halls, and for three years longer carried on his research, translating the *Kalilah* and *Dimnah*,* and meanwhile filling the post of Hebrew Lecturer at Clare College and of Theological Examiner.

Here then is a young man, not yet thirty, married to a charming woman, Miss Bevan, and in the midst of the finest classical surroundings. Everything was calculated to root him at Cambridge, where before him lay a future of almost unlimited possibilities. He might have grown in

* These were the so-called "Fables of Bidpai" or Pilpai, an Indian Brahman and gymnosophist, of great antiquity. Scarcely any book but the Bible has been translated into so many tongues, and its history is a part of the history of human development. Bidpai has been called chief of the philosophers of India.

such a soil until, like the palm, he overtopped others and blossomed into a surpassing fruitfulness, as well as a scholarly symmetry. Fame had her goal and laurel wreath in sight. But a higher calling and a fadeless crown absorbed him. He left all behind him to carry the Gospel message to distant Aden.

The life of Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay, had opened his eyes to the possibilities of a missionary career, and about the same time General Haig had called attention to Arabia as a neglected field, and to the strategic importance of this particular station on the Red Sea as a point of approach and occupation. Aden as a military position controls the Red Sea, and in a mercantile and nautical point of view sustains a relation to Asia and Africa similar to that of Gibraltar to Europe and Africa. In the year of Victoria's coronation—1838—the Arab sultan was persuaded to cede the peninsula to England, and it was made a free port. It is but five hundred miles south from Mecca and six hundred and fifty from Medina. Thousands from all parts of Arabia enter the British territory every year and are compelled to see how

the peace, order, freedom, and good government, there prevalent, contrast with the tyranny and anarchy elsewhere found.

Keith-Falconer had an interview with General Haig, and in 1885, in the autumn, went to Aden to prospect. On his way he began inducting his wife into the mysteries of Arabic, and quaintly wrote: "Gwendolin struggling with Arabic. Arabic grammars should be strongly bound, because learners are so often found to dash them frantically on the ground."

The result of his prospecting tour was that he determined to fix on Sheikh-Othman, near by, as his station, leaving Aden to the Church Missionary Society. He explored the neighborhood, and personally proved to the people that not all Europeans are "clever people who get drunk and have no religion to speak of." He found camel-riding not very pleasant, and saw one of those brutes seize and shake a man violently; and he adds, "a camel will sometimes bite off a man's head!"

In the spring of 1886 he and his wife were again in England, and on Easter Day, in the Assembly Hall at Mile End, Keith-Falconer delivered, on "Temptation," the

most striking address of his life. Was it a reflection of the inward struggle he was then experiencing, with the parting of the ways before him? with nobility, wealth, distinction, on the one hand, and seclusion, self-denial, and obscurity, on the other? In May he spoke before the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland on Mohammedan missions, an address equally impressive in its way, which reveals his purpose and clear conception of the possible service to which Arabia appealed. He said that he had been again and again urged to go to Arabia and set up a school, and that one day a Mohammedan, asking for a piece of paper, wrote in a mysterious fashion, "If you want the people to walk in your way, then *set up schools*." The man was a Hadjee, returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca, where he had been thoroughly stripped of all his money. Keith-Falconer offered him a copy of John's gospel, but he would not accept it; and, being further questioned, acknowledged that he liked the historical parts, but other parts made him fearful. He pointed to the talk between Christ and the woman at Jacob's well, "If thou knewest the gift of God," etc., "and," said the

Hadjee, "that verse makes my heart tremble, lest I be made to follow in the way of the Messiah."

This young Semitic scholar, already the greatest living orientalist, saw the way to a great work at this southern station in Arabia. He would have a school, a medical mission, and a depot for distributing the Holy Scriptures. He must study medicine himself and secure a Christian physician as his coworker. He would put himself under the Foreign Mission Board of the Scottish Church, but he would pay all costs of the mission himself.

Just at this point, and greatly to his surprise, he was made Professor of Arabic at Cambridge. The position was partly honorary, its active teaching depending mostly on an associate; and so it was accepted, undoubtedly not because of a divided purpose, but because his mind was set on Arabia, and his Cambridge work would augment his power to turn attention to its needs. He gave a course of three lectures on "The Pilgrimage to Mecca," and on the evening after his last lecture was again off for Aden with his wife and his accomplished colleague, Dr. Stewart Cowen.

This was November, 1886. He laid the foundation for his mission premises and work, and the force of his character was already making an impression on the Moslem mind, so that, within a few months, there were but few who came in touch with this Christlike man who were willing to admit that they were followers of Mohammed; but they were wont to say, "There are no Moslems here!" The Gospel in Arabic found both purchasers and readers with those who had read in this grand man the living epistle of God.

But the Aden fever proved a fatal foe. Both Keith-Falconer and his wife were stricken in February, 1887, and fresh attacks rapidly weakened his stalwart constitution until, on May 11, he sank into quiet slumber and could no more be awaked for service in this lower sphere. His biographer, Mr. Sinker, beautifully writes: "It was indeed the end. Quietly he passed away. God's finger touched him and he slept. Slept? nay, rather awakened, not in the close, heated room where he had so long lain helpless—the weary nurse, overcome with heat and watching, slumbering near—the young wife, widowed ere she knew her

loss, lying in an adjoining room, herself broken down with illness as well as anxiety —the loyal doctor, resting after his two nights' vigil—not on these do Ion Keith-Falconer's eyes open. He is in the presence of his Lord; the life which is the life indeed has begun."

After five months of labor in his chosen field the body of Keith-Falconer was lovingly laid to rest in the cemetery at Aden by British officers and soldiers of her majesty—fitting burial for one of the soldiers of a greater King, who, with his armor on and his courage undaunted, fell with his face to the foe. The martyr of Aden had entered God's Eden.

And so Great Britain made her first offering—and it was a very costly one—to Arabia's evangelization.

No doubt there be those who will exclaim, "To what purpose is this waste!" for this flask of costly ointment, broken and poured out amid Arabia's arid sands, might have been kept in the classic halls of Cambridge, and even yet be breathing its perfume where scholars tread and heroes are made. To this and all such cavils of unbelief there is but one answer, and it is all-sufficient, for

it is God's answer: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

The Free Church, whose missionary he was, declares: "The falling asleep, in the first months of fervent service, of the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, in the extreme Asian outpost in South Arabia, gives solemn urgency to his last appeal to the cultured, the wealthy, and the unselfish, whom that devoted volunteer for Christ represented when he addressed them in these words:

"'While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness, and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism or Islam, the burden of proof lies upon you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by Him to keep you out of the foreign mission field.'"

God makes no mistakes, and we are "immortal till our work is done," if we are fully in His plan. We may not penetrate the arcana of His secret purposes and read the final issue of our disappointments, but, as Dr. J. W. Dulles used to say, they are, rightly read, "His appointments." The short career of Keith-Falconer is a lesson such as never has been more impressively taught—that nothing is too good to be given

to God on the altar of missions. Keith-Falconer's death sent an electric shock through the British kingdom and the wider Church of Christ. But it was his distinction and accomplishments that made it impossible for his life's lesson to remain unread. His fame gave a trumpet voice to his words and made his life vocal with witness. Admiration and love united to draw others to follow in the steps of a heroism so divinely self-oblivious. The Church asked for one volunteer to step into the breach, and thirteen of the graduating class of the New College at once responded; but the response did not end then or there. The very year of Keith-Falconer's death Robert P. Wilder and John N. Forman were going about among the colleges and theological schools of the United States and Canada, appealing for volunteers, from the very best of the educated young men, for the foreign field. And now, during the ten years that have passed since this martyr spirit of Aden went up to God, ten thousand lives of young men and women in Britain and America have been offered to God, quickened by this example of consecration. The Henry Martyn Memorial Hall at Cambridge, the Hanning-

ton Memorial Hall at Oxford, and many other monuments of the dead and living who have given themselves to God's mission work are keeping alive the testimony of the Cambridge orientalist. He, being dead, yet speaketh, and no voice of the last half century is heard more widely by the young men of the Church of Christ.

He sought to "call attention to Arabia;" he has done it in a way and to an extent that he never imagined. The workman fell, but the work goes on. Under Rev. W. R. W. Gardner and Dr. Young new currents of influence are flowing into and through Aden. In 1888 a large number of Abyssinian children, who had been carried into Arabia from ruined homes and massacred families, for enslavement, were rescued by a British man-of-war and put into school in this mission for Christian training, to be sent back to Abyssinia as missionaries. Christian teachers, evangelists, and physicians have since gone to this port on the Gulf of Aden to take up the work Keith-Falconer laid down. And on both sides of the Red Sea, in Africa and Asia, the mission which he begun is likely to be the seed of other enterprises looking to the evangelization of both continents.

The Keith-Falconer Mission to Arabia has not come to its grave because its founder sleeps in the dreary cemetery at Aden. On these southern shores of Arabia stand the "Scots Church" and the Church of England edifices, one of which latter is largely built from collections made in the mail steamers that ply across those waters. The Scots Church, which is now building, is partly the result of the money raised by the children of the Free Church of Scotland, and under the supervision of an Arab contractor and workmen, some of whom are Jews. And so, curiously enough, Christians, Arabs, and Jews unite to erect Christ's houses of prayer in the land of Ishmael! Dr. George Smith, who recently visited Aden, testifies to the prosperity and hopefulness of the congregation there worshiping in connection with the Scots Church, and says that in the pioneering stage of the Arab mission it supplies the spiritual life and enthusiasm of common worship and evangelical effort. Dr. Young acts as military chaplain for the British infantry and artillery located at Aden, and with his colleague undertakes not only to furnish two sermons a week, but to meet the demands made on two medical

missionaries for Arab and Somali, Jew and Parsee; thus on one hand nourishing piety in the British residents, and reaching out on the other to the various foreign, Moslem, Parsee, and other populations that need Gospel effort.

The British camp and the native town of Aden lie in the crater of an extinct volcano. What a typical place in which to plant the Bible, with the tree of knowledge and of life! And the Bible is planted there. On a busy corner of the main street the British and Foreign Bible Society's depot stands, and Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby are its devoted workers. Near by stands the square and well-fenced inclosure, with its somewhat rude entrance, which is the resting place of the body of Keith-Falconer. In the middle of a row of graves of British officers and men, each with a single cross above it, may be seen the tomb of the first missionary that Scotland gave to Arabia; who, as Dr. Smith says, "died at thirty, one year younger than Henry Martyn, and was followed by the aged bishop, Valpy French, on the eastern shore at Muscat. A massive block of white Egyptian marble covers the grave, while there rises at its head an exquisitely pure

slab, with an inscription, under a coronet which might well represent the martyr's crown. There Dr. Cowen, who was then his medical colleague, and several officers and men of her British majesty's Ninety-eighth Regiment, as the sun set, laid all that was mortal of the young Scottish noble, scholar, and self-consecrated missionary of the Free Church of Scotland. The sacred spot is the first missionary milestone into Arabia."

Dr. Smith further says—and we quote the words of this distinguished correspondent as the latest available information from this field:

"As the Keith-Falconer Mission, bearing its founder's name and generuosly supported by his family, this first modern mission to the Arab may be said to have begun anew in the year 1889. First of all, Principal Mackichan, when on his return to Bombay, after furlough, carefully inspected the Sheikh-Othman headquarters, and, with the local medical authorities, reported in favor of continuing and extending the plans of its founder. The mission is now, as a result of past experience, conducted by two fully qualified men, one of whom is married,

who are working in most brotherly harmony, preaching the Gospel in Arabic as well as healing the sick. Its Arabic and English school is taught by Alexander Aabud, a married member of the Syrian Evangelical Church, from the Lebanon, but trained in the American mission in Egypt.

"All over this neighborhood the medical mission founded by Keith-Falconer is making for itself a name, and its doctors are received, or visited at their dispensary, as the messengers of God. European and native alike, natives from India and Africa, as well as the Arab camel drivers and subjects of the Sultan of Lahej—himself and his family patients of the Mission—turn to the missionaries with gratitude and hope, and will do them any service. Nowhere has the influence of medical missions in this early stage, of course preparatory, been so remarkable as in this Yemen corner of Arabia during the past seven years." *

It is, perhaps, proper, before we add the last touches to this imperfect sketch of one of the finest, brightest, and noblest young men of the century, that we indicate some

* Letter to the *Free Church of Scotland Monthly*, by George Smith, LL.D.

of those special traits which shone in him and provoke us to emulation. Among them we select the following as most pertinent to the particular purposes for which mainly this book is prepared, and with the prayer that many of those who read these pages may follow him as he followed the supreme Exemplar of us all.

First, his *simplicity*. The childlike character, refined of what is merely childish, is the divine ideal of human perfection. We must not outgrow the simple artlessness, humility, docility of childhood, but rather grow backward toward it perpetually. The ideal child is inseparable in our minds from faith, love, truth, and trust; and these are the cardinal virtues of Christian character. To learn to doubt, to hate, to lie, to suspect, is to learn the devil's lessons, and any approach to these is just so much progress in Satan's school. This pioneer to Arabia never lost his simple childlikeness. His manhood was not an outgrowing of his boyhood, in all that makes a child beautiful and attractive. He never put on airs of any sort, but hated all hollow pretense and empty professions. His was that highest art of concealing all art; in his most care-

ful work he did not lose naturalness, and in his most studied performances there was no affectation. He acted out himself—a genuine, honest, sincere man, who concealed nothing and had nothing to conceal.

Second, his *eccentricity*. We use this word because it has forever had a new meaning by his interpretation of it. He was wont to say that a true disciple must not fear to be called "eccentric." "Eccentric," said he, "means '*out of center*,' and you will be *out of* center with the world if you are *in* center with Christ." He dared to be one of God's "*peculiar* people, zealous of good works." While we are content to live on the low level of the average "professor of religion" we shall exhibit no peculiarity, for there is no peculiarity about a dead level. But if, like a mountain rising from a plain, we dare to aspire to higher and better things, to get nearer to God, to live in a loftier altitude and atmosphere, we shall, like the mountain, be singular and exceptional, we cannot escape observation, and may not escape hostile criticism. Blessed is the man who, like Caleb and Joshua, ventures to stand comparatively alone in testimony to God; for it is

such as these who go over into the inheritance of peculiar privileges and rewards.

Third, his *unselfishness*. Few of us appreciate the deformity and enormity of the sin of simply being absorbed in our own things. One may be a monster of repulsiveness in God's eyes through qualities that exhibit little outward hatefulness and ugliness to the common eye. Greed, lust, ambition, pride, envy and jealousy, malice and uncharity, may not be forbidden in man's decalogue, but they eat away the core of character like the worm in the apple's heart. Balzac, in one of his stories, revives the old myth of the magic skin which enabled the wearer to get his wish, but with every new gratification of selfish desire shrank and held him in closer embrace, until it squeezed the breath of life out of him. And the myth is an open mystery, to be seen in daily life. Every time that we seek something for ourselves only, without regard to God's glory or man's good, our very success is defeat; we may get what we want, but we shrink, in capacity for the highest joy and the noblest life.

Fourth, his *concentration*. Paul writes to the Philippians, "This one thing I do."

In the original it is far more terse and dense with meaning. He uses two little Greek words, the shortest in the language (εν δε), "But one!" an exclamation that no words can interpret. All his energies were directed toward and converged in one. Our lives are a waste because they lack unity of aim and effort. We seek too many things to attain anything great or achieve anything grand. Our energies are divided, scattered, dissipated. Impulse is followed, and impulse is variable, unsteady, and inconstant, while principle is constant, like the pole star. We are too much controlled by opinions which change with the hour, instead of by convictions which, being intelligently formed, hold us, like the girdle of truth in the Christian armor, instead of our merely holding them. It is possible for a man or woman to gain almost any goal, desirable or not, if the whole energy be concentrated. How immense the importance, then, of getting a right purpose to command the soul, and then making everything else bend and bow before it!

God speaks to the young men and women of our day as in trumpet tones: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!" An exam-

ple like that set before us in this life-story is one of God's voices. In Keith-Falconer "the Holy Ghost saith," "Stop and consider!" What way is your life-stream running? Are you living for yourself or for God and for man? Every man is his brother's keeper, and it is fitting that the first man who questioned this should have been Cain, his brother's murderer! Did it ever occur to the reader that every one of us is either his brother's keeper or slayer? Every life is saving or destroying other lives. We lift men up or we drag them down: there is no escape from responsibility.

Keith-Falconer saw that no man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself. Life is bound up in a bundle with all other life. We are none of us independent of the others, and we cannot escape the necessity of influencing them for good or evil. Eternity alone can measure the capacity for such influence, for eternity alone can give the vision and the revelation of what life covers in the reach and range of its mighty forces. It is a solemn and august thought that, to-day, each one of us is projecting lines of influence into the unending hereafter. The life span is infinite.

So looked upon, this short career of thirty years did not end at Aden ten years ago. That was the laying of a basis for a building that is going on unseen and silently, and whose spires will pierce the clouds. That was the planting of a seed for a tree whose branches shall shake like Lebanon, and wave in beauty and fertility when the mountains are no more. That was the starting of a career which is still going on, only that the cloud is between us and its hidden future, and we cannot trace its onward, upward path.

Let us turn once more to that grave at Aden and read the simple inscription:

TO
THE DEAR MEMORY OF
THE HON. ION KEITH-FALCONER,
THIRD SON OF
THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF KINTORE,
WHO ENTERED INTO REST
AT SHEIKH-OTHMAN, MAY 11, 1887,
AGED 30 YEARS.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honor."

IV

Sia Sek Ong

BY

S. L. BALDWIN, D.D.

IV.

Sia Sek Ong

EARLY LIFE.

It is well that in a series of missionary biographies there should be one of a native preacher upon a mission field, and I have chosen Sia Sek Ong, of the Foo-Chow Mission, as one suitable to be enrolled in this missionary book.

He was born in the mountain village of Yek-iong, about nine miles west of the city of Foo-Chow. His father was a farmer, who also gave much attention to literary pursuits, a man having many strong points of character, of incorruptible honesty, and very amiable and pleasant in his intercourse with the people. His mother was an excellent woman, and was of much repute in helping people who were in sorrow and need. He was the oldest child in a family of five. Opportunities for schooling were given him as soon as he was able to commence study. The chief object in Chinese education, aside from acquiring a sufficient

knowledge of reading and writing to be able to conduct business, is to become acquainted with the Confucian classics. He, therefore, made early acquaintance with these books. In regard to some of his early experiences he says himself: "One day at school I saw a book with pictures representing the punishment awaiting the wicked. One was snatched up at death by the prince of devils and sawn asunder, while others were roasted at a copper pipe to which they were chained. It also gave an account of a good man's death, and the glory and honor that are his reward. I had a vague belief in future retribution, and exerted myself in doing good so that I might obtain happiness on earth and escape punishment hereafter." He also intimates that when he was about thirteen years old, beginning to realize the burden and care of parents in rearing children, he resolved to study more diligently and become a good man, cherishing inwardly the hope that the gods would be pleased with him and protect him, so that he might live to reward his parents for their care of him.

His mother died when he was sixteen years of age, and, his father's burdens in-

creasing, at the age of eighteen he left school and began teaching in a neighboring village. This relieved his father of the expense of tuition and also increased his income by the money which the son was able to contribute.

In these early years he frequently worshiped at heathen temples, hoping to gain from the gods or the spirits of his ancestors help in leading a good life and protection from evil spirits. It will thus be seen that this man without any knowledge of Christianity was trying to do the best he could with such knowledge as he had, and that he had a sincere purpose to lead a good life.

HIS FIRST KNOWLEDGE OF CHRISTIANITY

When Sia was in his eighteenth year he first heard of people who believed in Jesus. They were known as *hong-kau* (followers of doctrine). This name ought not to imply any evil, but such were the associations in the minds of the people connected with the term that the young lad thought they were persons of whom he should be afraid and whom he ought to avoid. Unexpectedly meeting a Christian one day at a school taught by a friend, Sia asked him to tell

him something of Christian doctrine, and then heard for the first time the Bible account of the creation. He says in regard to this conversation, "Having heard him to the end, I felt in my heart that the narrative was true." Afterward a Christian teacher visited his own school and preached there, but Sia says that he was like a deaf man, that not a word entered his heart. Nevertheless, after the teacher had gone he began to reflect upon his sincerity and patience, and to think that men ought to be like him. At that time he received two Christian books, but when the preacher came again and asked him whether he had read them, not having read them at all, he replied, "I have looked at them," and listened to the preaching with great prejudice against the preacher.

The next year he taught school near a Christian chapel, and one day attended the services. Of his experience on that day he says: "I would fain have got up and fled, but something seemed to bind my feet. It seemed as if the seat I occupied were full of needles. From this time on I gradually comprehended that idols are nothing, and felt a constant desire to proclaim such of the

doctrines as I understood. Whenever I met a person who hated Christianity I tried to defend it." Listening once to a preacher at Ngu-kang, who spoke of God as the ruler of heaven and earth, light seemed to break in upon his mind as he listened, and the conviction came to his heart that there truly is a God; and he testifies that from this time he made considerable progress in Christian knowledge, realized that the Scriptures helped him to discriminate between the true and the false, and that he must obey the truth if he would be a true man. He also records that in the winter of that year another preacher told him of the judgment to come, and for a long time he was troubled and without comfort, but took refuge in the thought that he was young, and that he need not trouble about death, and tried to avoid hearing Christianity preached. He purposely went to a village where there were no Christians, but found no comfort of heart, there being nothing in his new associations that could satisfy him.

It was about this time that he first came into contact with Rev. Nathan Sites, and says that he was as happy in meeting Christian people in connection with the mission-

ary as one is who returns from a foreign country and meets his relatives, and that he felt it was really the society of Christian friends for which he had been longing during his absence.

COMING TO CHRIST

I do not remember the precise time at which Sia Sek Ong became the personal teacher of Dr. Sites, but it was not far from the time of which we have just been speaking. He had the reputation of being an excellent teacher, and although he was a proud-spirited Confucianist and a worshiper in heathen temples he was employed as the personal teacher of Dr. Sites because of his ability. The chapel and mission residence at Ngu-kang were under one roof, the side door of the chapel opening into the study of the missionary. One day Sia was sitting in the study with the door open between the study and the chapel. Li Yu Mi, a blacksmith who had been converted but a short time before, was preaching in the chapel. Among other things that he uttered he said: "There is but one name that can save; that is the name of Jesus." Sia was angry. He arose and shut the door with a very em-

phatic bang and walked the floor, saying to himself: "I'll not listen to such talk as this. How does this blacksmith, who can scarcely read his own language, dare to tell us that there is only one name that can save, and that the name of a foreigner we never heard of until a few months ago?"

But he could not get rid of the words which had entered his mind. Talking with me about it years afterward, he said that when he went home at night and tried to sleep he could not get rest, seeming to hear in both ears all the time the words, "Only one name that can save!" The next day he found that this continued, and in the midst of his duties he was continually hearing these words. After a great struggle he finally began to reason with himself, "After all I need a Saviour. Confucius tells me nothing about what is after death nor about my relations to the great power above. All men need a Saviour, and if he did not come from China how do I know but he may have come from Judea, and may be the very Jesus to whom my heart has been so opposed?"

This led to more serious thought, and gradually he yielded his obstinate opposition and began to pray to the true God for guid-

ance and help. He was not, however, to come at once into the light and be relieved of all further trouble. He passed through many severe experiences, sometimes lying awake through the night in great agony. On one such occasion he seemed to realize that his own hardness of heart was the cause of his sorrow, and determined to give up worldly joys and trust to God's mercy. He confessed his sins and prayed, but still the conflict seemed to be going on. He speaks of it as if two giants were fighting within him. When he arose in the morning it was with the fear that after all the preaching he had heard, remaining hard-hearted, perhaps the Lord had utterly cast him off. He narrates that at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as he was walking to and fro, a voice seemed to say to him, "The Lord has heard your prayers and forgiven your sins." In describing this voice he says, "It seemed to be above me, at my side, and within me." And he further records, "My sorrow disappeared; I could not tell how or at what moment a peace and joy unspeakable filled my soul." He began to read his Bible regularly, and while teaching school he required his pupils to sit still and listen

to the preaching of a Christian minister who visited them.

In 1864 he united with the Methodist Episcopal church at Ngu-kang. Of course he stopped making any payments to the temples of his native village and idolatrous processions, which led his neighbors to threaten to confiscate his property and to expel him from his home. For two years he suffered much trouble on this account, having the opposition of his family as well as that of the people. But he received help from on high and continued a faithful member of the Church. Some of his neighbors began to listen to the Gospel, and by the end of two years from his union with the Church some fifteen of them had become Christians.

ENTERING THE MINISTRY

Like all the other new Christians of those days, as soon as Sia became a Christian himself he began to proclaim the truth to others. Just as the early Christians went about preaching the word so did these Chinese Christians. Without waiting for license or ordination they told to others what they themselves had felt and experienced.

Dr. Sites asked Sia Sek Ong to accompany him to the villages which he visited and proclaim the doctrine. Finding that he had "gifts, grace, and usefulness," he gave him exhorter's license, and after a few months sent him to Ming-chiang, a city on the other side of the river Min. There he rented a chapel and preached daily for one year, and while engaged in this work became satisfied that he must leave all secular occupation and devote himself to the preaching of the Gospel. This was in 1865. At the Annual Meeting of the Foo-Chow Mission, held in the autumn of that year, he was received as a preacher and appointed to the Hok Ing Tong Circuit, which included the East Street Church in the city of Foo-Chow, with Ngu-kang, Yek-iong, his native place, and several other country stations. He met with many trials, often suffering persecution, but preaching with earnestness and fidelity. He was much troubled concerning the death of an uncle whom he had often exhorted to repent, but upon whom he had not been able to make much impression. This uncle dying very suddenly, it caused the preacher great anxiety and sorrow; but he says that one night it seemed

as if the Saviour stood by him and bade him touch his hands and his side, and thereupon his heart was filled with peace and joy.

For the three years following, from 1866 to 1869, he was appointed to the Hok-chiang Circuit. This was a very difficult part of the country in which to labor, as many unruly people were to be found there, and besides the troubles which he met from those outside of the Church he also experienced severe trials among false brethren. Speaking of his experiences during these years he says they were like those of a knife on a whetstone. Sometimes he was in deep sorrow because the people did not understand the truth, and at other times because many of those who did understand it rebelled against it. It was here that he became so impressed with the fact that the Gospel was hindered because of the common saying that the preachers ate the foreigners' rice and therefore spoke the foreigners' words, that he determined to decline all support from the missionary treasury. This becoming known to the people, when they found him sad and weeping over their lack of understanding and their failure to come to the truth, they supposed that he was in trouble

because he was receiving no money. But in the midst of all these sorrows he was driven nearer to God and came into the enjoyment of great peace of soul.

SELF-SUPPORT

At the Annual Meeting of the Mission following he declared his determination to take this step. During the year he was often in great straits, and did not know where the necessary supplies for the sustenance of his family would come from.

While planning to attend a meeting at Keng-kiang he was dismayed by the terrible rain that was falling. He knew that the chapel had only a wet mud floor, that the church members had not sufficient room in their houses to entertain him, that it would require a great exercise of the voice to be heard by the people while a heavy rain was falling upon the roof, that in his weakness of body it was simply torture to be shut up in such quarters as he must have there with people who were noisy, and many of whom smoked tobacco, and that if the rain continued he would be compelled to stay for days. He remarks that while thinking in this way he was overcome by sleep, and sud-

denly heard a voice calling, "Sia Sek Ong, how do you know there is such a thing as a human soul? If there is no soul then you are very foolish to trouble yourself so about going to that meeting." He turned and listened, but hearing no one he opened the door and asked the assistant preacher whether he had spoken, but the assistant was sound asleep. He could not determine whether the voice came from within or without, and said to himself, "This voice comes near sound reason." All day long he felt that the doctrine of the soul was mere conjecture, and he began to plan for moving his family home lest he should spend his strength for naught. While such thoughts as these were still agitating his mind in the night suddenly a bright light filled the room, and the cross of Jesus shone in indescribable splendor before his eyes. He realized that he had been tempted, and said to himself, "If man has no soul; then what means the Saviour's cross?" With this peace returned to his heart, and he determined to go on with his duty as a preacher without regard to the joy or sorrow that might await him, and without inquiring whether men knew any of his trials or not.

When the time of the Annual Meeting again arrived he found that all he had received in money, fuel, and food during the year was about enough to support a family of eight persons three months. But as he had then only his wife and one child they had managed to live a year on this income, although during the year he had been obliged to pawn some of his clothes. Brethren from other districts collected enough money to enable him to redeem them.

During the first few years in which he was on self-support he never spoke about his financial affairs to anyone, and his true condition in this respect was not known. There were some who suspected that he was secretly getting help from the missionaries, and when Bishop Harris visited the Mission in 1873 one of these publicly stated his suspicions in a speech at the Annual Meeting. He then replied that since 1870 his hand had not handled a foreign dollar, and the discussion tended to increase the movement toward self-support in the Mission.

Two years later, when he was appointed to Hinghua, a brother tried to dissuade

him from moving his family on the ground that they would not be properly provided for; but when he reached the parsonage he found a month's food awaiting them, and as he started upon his first round the preachers and members had his quarterage ready and handed it over to him. He makes record that all the finances were administered in the disciplinary way, and matters improved from year to year. We give his own words as to his experiences at this time: "I saw the darkness and superstition of the world and felt a strong desire to build up a church in men's hearts, so that with new hearts they might accept the truth and lead true lives. I considered this the greatest work of life, and with this as my sole purpose I could leave the matter of salary to the judgment and good will of the native Christians. Thanks be to God, who thus enabled me to carry out the principle of self-support on three districts. Although many hated my course and tried to put difficulties in my way it nevertheless became brighter and brighter, so that I could see that it was of the Lord, and must succeed in the end. I seemed to see the day of self-support almost from the outset."

Not long after this time he was put to a severe test, when, in the judgment of the Mission, it was necessary to station him on the Yong-bing District. This was entirely a missionary district. There were no native Christians who could support him. There was much ground to be occupied, and it was absolutely necessary to give support to the person who should be appointed to preside over it. It was more of a trial by far to him to consent to go receiving missionary support than it had been to endure all manner of trials because of the lack of money while he was on self-support. Yet, when convinced of the duty, he took up the work and went forward with great energy.

It will be in place before leaving this matter to say that the work of self-support has steadily grown until a considerable number of stations or circuits now entirely support their preachers, and some of the districts give full support to their presiding elders. In November, 1896, Bishop Joyce, by the authority of the General Conference, set off the new Hinghua Mission Conference, starting with nearly 6,000 members and probationers, and leaving over 7,000 in the

old Foo-Chow Conference. This new Conference has grown out of the work in which Sia Sek Ong was engaged when he first traveled the district on self-support. The whole work in the district is more than half self-supporting, and the Rev. W. N. Brewster, who is the superintendent, expects to secure full self-support of the native preachers in the Conference within a few years. Much of this result is due to the early and faithful labors and sacrifices of Sia Sek Ong in this direction.

PROGRESS AND ENCOURAGEMENT

The visits of the bishops from time to time were sources of great encouragement and help to the native preachers, and to none more so than to Sia Sek Ong. The first visit was made by Bishop Thomson in 1865, but Mr. Sia was not then a member of the Church. The next was in 1869 by Bishop Kingsley, for whom Brother Sia formed a very strong attachment. The bishop recognized the strength of his mind and the Christian spirit which animated him, and wrote many hearty words of appreciation in his letters from the field.

A very joyous love feast was held during

Bishop Kingsley's sojourn, at which Sia, among others, gave cordial expression to his joy and gratitude over the bishop's visit. At this time he was ordained both deacon and elder, and although he was not appointed presiding elder, yet the emergencies of the work in a very few months required him to do practically the work of a presiding elder on a large district. When Bishop Harris visited the Mission in 1873 much progress had been made in the work, and Sia Sek Ong was appointed Presiding Elder of the Foo-Chow District. The bishop greatly endeared himself to the native preachers during his short stay, and their grateful testimonies on the last day of the Conference session were accompanied with tears and deep emotion such as up to that time had rarely been seen in a Chinese congregation.

In 1877 Bishop Wiley, who had been a missionary a quarter of a century before in this very field, came to organize the Foo-Chow Conference. Having toiled in the dark days when there was no convert to greet the labors of the missionaries it was a great joy to him to see such a body of earnest, faithful ministers of the truth as he found at that time. He speaks of Sia Sek

Ong as the John Fletcher of the Mission, and in many respects this was an appropriate characterization.

When Sia Sek Ong first felt impelled to start out as a preacher of the Gospel it was with the stern opposition of his sturdy father, who believed that his son was doing despite to the memory of his ancestors in going out to preach this foreign and hated doctrine. After some time had passed, however, his father sent for him to come home, saying that he could not bear to be separated from him, that if his son would be a Christian that was something which he could not control, but he wished still to have an affectionate feeling between them. The father then began to examine the Bible himself, "to see what had crazed the mind of his son," the result of which was that the same kind of insanity seized upon himself and he soon became a trusting Christian. It was with great pleasure that at the Conference of 1877 we saw Sia Kai Luang, the venerable father of Sia Sek Ong, ordained as local deacon in our Church, an office which he filled with fidelity and very acceptably to the people to the end of his life.

LITERARY LABOR

Among other eminent services rendered by Mr. Sia to the Mission his literary work is prominent. He has been connected for many years with the publication of the *Fookien Church Gazette*, which is the *Christian Advocate* of the Foo-Chow Mission. In connection with the foreign missionaries who have had charge of the paper he has done much valuable work, disseminating a great deal of information concerning foreign countries, as well as articles on the doctrines and history of Christianity.

He is the author of various tracts and leaflets, one of the best known of which is the tract entitled, *Who is Jesus?* which was written in response to an offer by Rev. Y. J. Allen, editor of a Church newspaper published at Shanghai, of a premium for the best essay on the text, "But whom say ye that I am?" There were many essays sent in, and after full examination the premium was awarded to Sia Sek Ong. The essay was afterward published as a tract at the Mission Press in Foo-Chow, and was also translated and has for twenty years been published as an English tract by our Tract

Society. The conception of it is that of Jesus himself answering the question. Some extracts are appended to give the reader an idea of his style:

"The facts concerning me are these: Though originally without form, yet I have a form; though originally without a body, yet I have a body. Though I have a form, I do not depend on it for life; though I have a body, I have no solicitude for it. I am the resurrection and the life. Except by me none can ascend to heaven. Except by me none can escape hell. I am an example of righteous living for all men; I am the beginning of a new life for all mankind. I am the revealer to sinful men of their just condemnation; the giver of repentance for past transgressions; the guide of the people to God; the Saviour of the people from their sins; a redeeming sacrifice for the sins of the world; the leader of the resurrection to all the dead. I was rich, but for your sakes became poor; I was exalted, but for your sakes humbled myself and condescended to become a man, taking upon me the form of a servant. These things you twelve men have already heard and known.

"Think! Who is he that will not break

the bruised reed? Who is he that will not quench the smoking flax? Who is he that dies for sinners? Who is he that prays for his enemies? Who is he who when he suffers, threatens not, and when he is reviled, revileth not again? Who is he whom men regard as a root out of dry ground, treat as a criminal, see in him no beauty that they should desire him, appoint him his grave with the wicked? Of what family is he the son, think you? To what household does he belong? Is he one of the prophets returned to the world, or John raised from the dead?

"Are not ye the twelve whom I have chosen? Ye ought to know me; but every day ye show that ye have not yet apprehended me. Therefore ye ask, 'Who shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven?' Therefore ye are filled with indignation against John and his brother. Therefore ye dispute by the way who shall be greatest. Therefore ye ignorantly talk of building tabernacles on the Mount of Transfiguration. When I speak of my approaching death and resurrection, ye rebuke me. When I walk on the sea, ye think it is a spirit. When I rebuke the wind, ye say,

'What manner of man is this?' When I would wash your feet, ye refuse me. When ye walk on the water to come to me, ye are still afraid.

"Now ye have walked by my side and been intimate with me for three years. You have heard of my changing water into wine. You saw my transfiguration on the mountain. You know that with a word I defeated the devil and escaped from his snares. You saw me feed the multitude with five fishes, and yet have fragments to gather up. And greater things than these: the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk, the dumb speak, the lepers are cleansed, the maimed are healed, all diseases are cured, the dead are raised. These things the holy prophets of old desired to see, but saw not; and to hear, but heard not. But blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear. Now, carefully reflecting upon what you have seen and heard, whom say ye that I am?"

"Somewhat in this manner I suppose Jesus talked with his disciples. I now leave this question, 'Who is Jesus?' with the reader, praying that the Holy Spirit may guide him in his meditations upon it, until

with Thomas he shall joyfully exclaim, 'My Lord and my God!'"

His sermons were always extempore, so far as the wording was concerned. But they were thoroughly studied, as a rule, before being delivered. His sermon on Sunday morning, during Bishop Kingsley's visit, was one long to be remembered. It was from the text, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." I give a few words from it: "You must, then, first think what manner of man Jesus was. He was not rich, nor honored, nor great. He was poor, despised, lonely. We must be willing to be the same. We must not try to meet him in the dark when nobody can see us, like Nicodemus, but we must openly follow him. We must not follow him, like the five thousand, for the loaves and fishes, nor, like the sons of Zebedee, for worldly honors. We must not follow him to dwell on the mountain top, but follow him because he has the words of life and there is no one else who can give them to us. If we follow him our enemies will be those of our own households, but we must still follow. Whether the road be smooth or rough,

or if it carries us into the waves of the sea, still we must follow. We cannot go on to the mountain top and build three tents and stay there. We must follow him out of the city, into the garden of Gethsemane, to the mockery of the soldiers, to being spitten upon, to Calvary, to the cross! We must hear him exclaim, 'Why hast thou left me, O my God?' and still follow him. Follow him to death, to the grave. And shall we stop here? O no! Who can keep Jesus in the grave? Nobody! nobody! We will follow him in the resurrection to life. But we will not stop there. The Head has ascended to heaven, the members shall also. There is no help for it, but they must follow their Head. Then we will look back over the way, see the dangers, the unnumbered trials we have passed, and as we tremble God himself shall wipe away the tears from our eyes. Then, when we think upon the means of our salvation, we will find it has not been by our good works, or deeds of merit, but just by following Jesus wherever he has led, until all the dangers of the way have been surmounted.

"Fathers, brethren, sisters, up and be doing. Gird yourselves for the work. You

may not be able to bear other burdens or exert strength in other directions, but you may bear the great burden of the cross, for Jesus is your strength; and when we have followed him into heaven we will rejoice and shout, Glory to God and the Lamb forever! May we all with diligence and patience bear the cross and reach eternal life."

VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES

It is not necessary to follow with any detail the subsequent years of this personal history. In the work of a presiding elder on different districts, as a skillful and faithful instructor in the Theological School, as a pastor in charge of our most important churches, this man has demonstrated himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Everywhere his ministry has been faithful, and he has secured the respect of those who remain heathen and the affection of the Christian congregations which he has served. In some regions he was more successful, apparently, in securing the conversion of souls than in others; but whether his field was one ripe unto the

harvest and he was engaged in the delightful work of reaping, or whether it was a barren wilderness where he was sowing the seed of truth with little in immediate results to encourage him, he alike preserved his serene confidence in the Master whom he served and was faithful to the duty of the hour. I do not think he ever undertook to sum up the conversions which have taken place under his labors. It is safe, however, to say that hundreds of souls have been brought to Christ through his ministrations, and that perhaps even more important work has been done by him in the patient instruction and edification of the professed followers of Christ.

At the Conference of 1887 he was elected a delegate to the General Conference, which met in New York in 1888. He was accompanied to the United States by Rev. Dr. Sites, who acted as his interpreter during his visit. He had the pleasure of visiting some of our largest institutions, and was deeply impressed with all he saw and heard. When he was at the De Pauw University at Greencastle, Ind., showing great delight in the sight of so many students seeking the higher realms of knowledge, he

was asked, "What has impressed you most of what you have seen here?" His answer was, "The fact that so many hundreds of young men and young women can study here together;" and his quick mind saw in this fact one of the great revolutions that Christianity was destined to work for the people of his own country.

There were great revelations to him in the immense factories, the machine shops, the railways, and in fact in all the great, busy, bustling life of the young republic. He was a faithful listener to all the debates of the General Conference, the purport of which was made known to him by Dr. Sites, gave careful study to the important questions that came before the body, and came to independent decisions in regard to them. One instance of this is found in his view of the eligibility of women to the General Conference. He listened very carefully to the interpretation of the arguments on both sides, and although his interpreter, friend, and instructor was himself of the view that the women elected delegates were not eligible, Mr. Sia remarked at the close of the discussion, "Many strong arguments have been presented against them, but neverthe-

less I am seven tenths in favor of their admission;" and he voted accordingly.

One pleasant incident of the session occurred when the newly elected bishops were consecrated. Bishop Joyce had requested that the delegate from China might take part in his ordination. So it happened that the friend of Bishop Wiley from far-off China was one of those who laid hands in the consecrating rite upon the head of that other dear friend of the bishop who was about to be ordained to the highest office of the Church.

I was at the time pastor of St. John's Church, Boston, and it was an indescribable joy to have him preach in my pulpit and to interpret to my people his earnest words; and especially to have him join in the administration of the Lord's Supper to my American congregation. I thought of the days when he was a heathen on the hillside at Yek-iong, and of all his faithful ministry since his conversion, and my heart was too full for utterance as I saw American Christians receiving from his hands, as those of an honored minister of Christ, the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of our Redeemer.

His address to the Boston Preachers' Meeting was full of the earnest spirit of a consecrated Christian minister, and produced a most favorable impression upon all who listened to it. Wherever he went the attention of our people was secured, higher ideas were formed of the possibilities of Christian grace among the Chinese, and deeper interest aroused in the work of God in China.

While at our parsonage, Mrs. Baldwin said to him, "Now you have seen our country, how does it impress you as compared with your own?" With exceeding sadness of face and tone, he replied, "Your country is alive; my country is dead!"

A SERENELY CLOSING LIFE

On his return to China Mr. Sia went among the churches lecturing upon the United States, and awakened intense interest as he told of the wonderful things he had seen and of the mighty evidences of the superiority of Christianity as shown in the development and progress of a great Christian country. Many of the things he had to tell, as those which he had actually seen, seemed to the natives almost incred-

ible, and they listened with delight as one wonder after another was brought to view in his vivid descriptions. But while awakening their interest in the material progress of our land he did not fail to enforce the lessons of Christian experience which he had learned in his visits to many of our churches. The whole influence of his utterances was of a spiritually beneficial character.

During the progress of the war with Japan he felt called upon to preach a series of sermons in regard to the needs of China. They were exceedingly able discourses, commanded the attention of his congregations and stirred them to a more profound interest in the welfare of their country than they had before experienced. The leading thought in these sermons was that China was suffering because of her blind adherence to the past, that she was forever looking backward and living in the remote ages of antiquity, while she ought to be alive to the immense progress of the present age and the great possibilities of the opening future; that she must cease looking to the past, and look forward with hope and with a determination to be felt as a power among the nations in the days

to come. He showed how necessary it was that she should become Christian in order to have the impulse which comes from the life of Christ in the heart, the awakening of intellectual power, and the stimulation of all the noblest faculties of the human soul.

He is now nearly laid aside from active service, but, no doubt, can say, as another of our veterans, Hu Po Mi, recently wrote me: "I do not wish to become an idle servant of Christ. It is my desire to do his work till my eyes close for a newer and happier world."

After the above had gone to the printer, the sad news of the death of Sia Sek Ong came in a letter from his eldest son, Sia Tieng Ang, now a student in the Illinois Wesleyan University. He died March 24, 1897; but we are as yet without any particulars. The temporal life has merged into the eternal; the mortal has put on immortality. An eminent and faithful minister of Christ has gone to his reward; but his work abides in the hearts and lives of those whom he brought to Christ, and in the influences he set in motion for the awakening of a new life among his people.

V

John Kenneth Mackenzie, Medical Missionary to China

BY

JENNIE M. BINGHAM

V

John Kenneth Mackenzie, Medical Missionary to China

EARLY LIFE

AUGUST 25, 1850, at Yarmouth, on the Isle of Wight, John Kenneth Mackenzie was born. His father was a Scotchman and his mother Welsh, people of earnest, simple-hearted piety. The boy Kenneth was noted for his reserve and a very quick temper. He had great strength of will, which made him undaunted in the presence of the great difficulties of his after life. His parents removed to Bristol, where his youth was spent. "He showed little liking for study and left school at the age of fifteen to become a clerk in a merchant's office."

TWO DAYS

He, with his chums, joined a Bible class held in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms Sunday afternoon. A certain May Sunday the subject was, "A Good Conscience." The Bible study was followed

by an address from Mr. Moody, who was there on his first visit to England. Mackenzie was among those who rose for prayer. The year that followed was full of doubt and questioning. He realized his need of help from a higher source than himself, but found it difficult to believe. Finally he left the Bible class altogether.

The anniversary of that day when he arose for prayers found him in his place at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms. An Association secretary from London spoke and asked those young men to refuse or accept Jesus Christ. Kenneth arose and several young men with him, one of whom afterward followed him to China as a missionary.

He afterward said, "My doubts and questionings have all been met in the person of Jesus Christ himself."

ACTIVE SERVICE

At once he threw himself into Christian work. He held open-air services, visited lodging houses and ragged schools, distributed literature at street corners, worked at the Midnight Mission, and was remarkably successful with notorious criminals. Feeling a need of proficiency in public

speaking he and his friends formed a unique training college. They met in a broken-down cow shed, two miles out in the country, at five o'clock in the morning. Here they took turns in delivering carefully prepared sermons and knelt on the earth-floor in earnest prayer. Kenneth's talks are declared by his companions to have been "most interesting and full of Bible."

He worked at the evangelistic services held every winter in the Bristol Theater, and here met a friend, Colonel Duncan, to whom he first spoke of his desire to become a foreign missionary. Colonel Duncan's answer was: "You are still young. Study medicine and go to China as a medical missionary." He put in his hands a pamphlet, entitled *The Double Cure; or, What is a Medical Mission?*

This led Mackenzie to his decision. His first difficulty was the objection of his parents, "which was withdrawn in answer to prayer."

OFF FOR CHINA

Very little is known of his student life except that it was very thorough and his preparation complete. He took post-graduate courses in a London eye hospital.

He wrote to his Mission Board: "I am

engaged to be married, but shall follow the advice of missionaries and wait a couple of years to learn the language before I marry. I can understand that a missionary's life must be a lonely one, and a wife a solace and help."

AT HANKOW

Hankow is the great commercial city of China, at the junction of two great rivers, the Yang-tse and Han, and with its two large neighboring cities is called the heart of the empire. The tea trade alone amounts to fifteen million dollars annually. The first Sunday after his arrival Mackenzie went on board the ships in the harbor and did evangelistic work there. If he could not yet speak Chinese he could speak English and do missionary work among English sailors. The next day he began work in the hospital and his struggle with the language. A hospital had been built and put temporarily into the hands of the foreign community physician. At once he had more medical duties than he wanted. He wrote:

"I am besieged with eye disease. Two sisters, blind from birth, came to the hospital. I operated upon them, and both can see well. They became deeply interested

in the truth and were baptized before leaving. A woman restored to sight after a blindness of fifteen years prayed at a hospital prayer meeting that the blessing of the one true God of whom she had learned might rest upon the foreign doctor for what he had done for her.

"After a successful operation on a little girl her father, belonging to the proud literary class, went down on his knees and knocked his forehead on the floor to express deep homage. I lifted him up and told him to kneel only to God. While here in the hospital he was thoroughly instructed in the Christian faith."

DAILY PREACHING

Daily preaching is carried on in most of the mission chapels in China. A shop in a crowded street is rented and fitted up as a "Glad Tidings Hall," where the foreign missionary and his native assistant for many hours every day proclaim salvation through Jesus to those coming in. No regular service is held, but as the coolies resting from their burdens, the countryman with his basket, the peddler with his bundle come in for a while the preacher, in

colloquial fashion, addresses questions to individuals and tries by patient repetition to show the love of God in Jesus Christ. They have never before heard anything like this "new doctrine." Frequently they come again and again, and in some cases the missionary will see a genuine interest shown. Then he knows there will be converts.

COUNTRY WORK

In six months Mackenzie began giving a little address in Chinese to the people. He says: "From the first I was determined to learn Chinese. There is no work so useful as that of the medical missionary, but he must combine the cure of the soul with the cure of the body; otherwise medical missions are little more than benevolent institutions."

With Mr. Griffith John, who had first opened up work in Hankow, he went out to towns and villages where missionaries had never been. Their plan was to go to a tea shop, where Mr. John would begin to talk to the people. Soon there would be a great crowd. He would tell them that his companion was a doctor, and at once they would rush off and bring all the sick people in the place. Every sixth case would be

eye disease, with occasionally a leper. One result of these visits was that patients would come to the hospital from these villages, and thus the teaching could be followed up.

PERSECUTION

A native by the name of Wei, coming to Hankow on business, was converted, and in his own community became the center of a little Christian group. The plan was to visit his village, and Wei met them at an appointed place to conduct them thither. The two Englishmen attracted a great deal of attention. When they landed from the boat several hundred men and boys were assembled. They had "no leisure so much as to eat," and, preaching to crowds, they moved on to the next town "with almost the whole village at their heels."

Soon the behavior of the people began to change. From being curious they began to be rude, and then to shout, "Go back to Hankow and preach your Jesus there; you shall not come here." Then they threw hard clods at the missionaries (fortunately there were no stones), and the missionaries found themselves the center of a howling mob of about one thousand men and boys.

Mackenzie guarded his head with his hands, but Mr. John was struck in the mouth and nearly fainted from loss of blood. He also had a scalp wound. The native Christians behaved nobly, one of them saying, "You may kill me, but don't kill my pastor." At the crossing of a creek the doctor and Mr. John fell back until most had gone over the plank bridge, and then broke through the crowd and escaped. A native Christian followed them. They were wondering where they could find shelter in that strange, hostile land. The native Christian beckoned them to follow him. He took them to a house whose master welcomed them and told them he feared not to take them in. They were about to give their names when he interrupted and said he had been a patient at the hospital and knew them. He then prepared a delicious feast for these battered pilgrims, who had eaten nothing since early morning.

When they departed next day he refused to be paid. On a subsequent visit to these villages Mackenzie said: "These men are athletic, manly, simple, and fearless. We made it a special point to call at the villages where we had been molested and preach

the Gospel of peace and good will to the inhabitants."

This work, begun amid great opposition and danger, has been greatly successful. These people raised money among themselves and built two chapels in this very district, and now every year new houses of worship are erected there.

CHINESE MEDICINE

Chinese doctors know very little about anatomy or physiology. They attribute disease to the "five elements." Most wonderful healing properties are attributed to dragons' teeth, fossils, tigers' bones. Dr. Mackenzie was called to see a child very sick with bronchitis. She was being fed on the stings of a scorpion. In sickness idols, astrologers, and fortune-tellers are consulted. The priests teach that disease is due to the anger of the gods or to a visitation of evil spirits. Charms are written out and pasted around the sick room. Sometimes these marvelous bits of paper are burned and the patient is ordered to drink the ashes. Idolatrous rites are performed with gongs and firecrackers, the terrible noise being most distressing to a sick person. The

Chinese believe that a spirit can wield greater power when separated from the body; from this comes ancestral worship. Persons desiring to take vengeance upon their enemies will often commit suicide to obtain their end.

One day a young man came to the dispensary with a large wound on his left arm, evidently caused by some cutting instrument. He said he had a sick father who failed to respond to Chinese treatment. The relatives decided that the son must sacrifice his own flesh to save his father's life. A large piece of flesh was cut out of his arm, cooked into a savory meal, and given to the patient. He died, and the family decided that filial piety was lacking in the son, as shown in the fatal effect of eating his flesh. The poor boy not only had a bad arm, but was also condemned and an outcast.

If the child of a rich Chinaman is sick, the priest will tell them that some ancestor is suffering, and it will require a large sum to set him free. After this has been paid the priest will tell them that the ancestor is still in agony, and as much more must be paid. This goes on till the priests get all they possibly can.

Mackenzie was called to a case of typhoid fever. The native doctor had been treating the woman by burning her body with incense. Her body was covered with blisters and scars.

A man with dyspepsia was treated by having six needles thrust into his body at the pit of his stomach.

A woman with asthma had her back beaten with a huge club *to give her relief.* Truly the tender mercies of the heathen are cruel.

As the fame of the skillful Western physician spread it was no unusual thing for him to be called to bring dead people to life. On one occasion a man brought his demented son to be restored.

OPIUM PATIENTS

In one year the doctor treated seven hundred cases of opium smoking. He says: "As most of them come from long distances and support themselves while in the hospital we feel it wrong to turn them away, since they carry to their homes a knowledge of Jesus. I always tell them the medicine is given to relieve the pain and craving, and that they must pray to have the desire taken from their hearts and new

hearts given to them. We cannot know how many are permanently cured, but when this question is asked new arrivals, 'What brought you to the hospital for treatment?' the almost invariable answer is, 'I have friends and neighbors who have been cured here.'"

MARRIAGE

In December, 1876, the lady to whom Dr. Mackenzie was betrothed came from England to Shanghai, where they were married. Mrs. Mackenzie entered with enthusiasm into her husband's work. He wrote to his brother, "We are now established in our pretty home, which looks thoroughly homelike and comfortable, thanks to Millie's deft fingers."

This year he treated over a thousand persons in the wards and almost twelve thousand in the dispensary. In one case where he saved a life by opening the windpipe and inserting a silver tube great interest was manifested. Soon he was called in hot haste to a similar case, and was requested to bring with him "the tube for making two mouths!"

He wrote to his friends: "My one aim is to make medicine the handmaid of the Gos-

pel. My commission is the Scripture verse, 'And he sent them to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick.'"

In October Dr. Mackenzie's heart was gladdened by the birth of a little daughter, who was baptized at the public Chinese service and named Margaret Ethel.

A NEW HOME

When Mackenzie had been four years abroad he felt that it was best to leave the trying climate of Hankow and go farther north. Amid loving farewells he left for Tien-tsin, his new field.

He says concerning traveling by carts: "They are heavy, ugly contrivances, so small that only one person can conveniently sit or lie inside, for there is no seat except the floor of the cart. Having no springs, and the road being frightfully cut up with ruts, the jolting is simply awful. We line the interior with our bedding and pillows, but to prevent coming in contact with the sides of the cart you have to seize hold of the vehicle itself. The soil is soft and full of soda. With only a slight wind you are soon covered with dust, which penetrates your mouth and nostrils. In wet weather you

plow through mud, getting stuck every few minutes."

POWER OF PRAYER

When he reached Tien-tsin there was neither money nor drugs to open his work, and it would take five months before help could come from the home Board. It was suggested by a missionary that a written request for funds be sent to the viceroy, who was Li Hung Chang, the famous Chinese statesman, setting forth the advantage of establishing a hospital for the benefit of the Chinese.

It was presented through the consul, but no answer came. Two months passed, and not a word from the viceroy. Meanwhile the little mission circle was praying mightily that the viceroy's heart might be opened.

On August 1 the prayer meeting subject was, "Ask, and it shall be given you." That very day a member of the English legation noticed the sad face of the viceroy. On inquiry the viceroy said, "My wife is seriously ill—dying. The doctors told me this morning that she cannot live."

"Why don't you get the help of the foreign doctors?" asked the Englishman.

The viceroy objected that it would be

quite impossible for a Chinese lady of rank to be attended by a foreigner, but soon his common sense triumphed, and he sent for Dr. Mackenzie and his colleague.

It was a very extraordinary proceeding for these men to be admitted to Lady Li's sick room. When they returned to the Mission they reported, "She is very sick; we must all pray for her recovery."

They attended faithfully and saved her life. When convalescent Mackenzie suggested that Miss Dr. Howard, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Peking, be sent for. She came for a month's stay, and the result was that Lady Li established a woman's hospital and put Miss Howard at the head.

In an Eastern city if a great ruler takes you by the hand the country is yours. At once Dr. Mackenzie's pathway was thronged with suppliants to be healed. He proposed that the viceroy should witness a surgical operation, and he did so, showing much interest in the skill and ease of Western surgery.

The viceroy at once gave one of his rooms for a dispensary, and this becoming so thronged as to impede the business of the court his excellency set aside a part of the

temple, one of the finest buildings in Tientsin, and furnished money for its support. Dr. Mackenzie speaks of seeing two hundred patients a day.

As this temple hospital was three miles from the Mission compound he determined to build one in a more convenient location. He appealed to the natives, and as he had several rich patients he refused pay from them, and instead asked for subscriptions to the new hospital. He received gifts of money in generous measure. The hospital was built, and publicly opened by the viceroy amid imposing ceremonies, at which the British and Russian consuls spoke.

The *North China Daily News* said: "Unique interest attaches to the work carried on by Dr. Mackenzie during the last fifteen months, seeing that all the funds for its support have been derived from native sources." "Whether believers in Jesus Christ or not," remarked the viceroy on one occasion, "we are all of one mind in wishing to aid in the healing of the sick."

A MORNING IN THE HOSPITAL

The doctor wrote to his friends: "Let me take you to our Chinese hospital. As-

cending a broad flight of stone steps to the veranda we pass into a lofty hall and enter the waiting room. Benches are ranged down the whole length of it, and at both sides texts of Scripture in Chinese decorate the walls. The hour is nine o'clock and the gong is sounding for morning prayers. Already groups of men are collected from the city and villages around with a bundle of bedding by their sides. *There* a blind man is led in, *here* comes a lame man on crutches. Men with enormous tumors, men feeble from dysentery and consumption file in, and the emaciated opium smoker is also there. The in-patients who are sufficiently convalescent come trooping in with their bandages and dressings on.

"The Gospel hymn is given out and a portion of Scripture read, very likely a case of healing. It is explained and lessons are drawn from it. The patients are very quiet and attentive.

"Then the medical missionary goes to the dispensary, while the native evangelist continues to talk to the patients as they wait for their turn. One by one the patients come into the dispensary. First a case of eye disease. The patient is told he must

become an in-patient and undergo a slight operation. He will probably start back in dismay exclaiming, 'Cut! No, never!'

"I call an assistant to lead this patient to one of the wards to rest a while. There he is sure to meet a similar case, and the testimony of his own countryman brings him back to the dispensary for an operation.

"An official's servant appears with a large red piece of paper in his hand. It is his master's visiting card. I treated the governor of this province for bronchitis, and when he came to pay his official visit his retinue extended a hundred yards up the street.

"We proceed to visit the wards. Look at that man sitting on his bed, with his bedding still in a bundle instead of being comfortably spread out. He is a newcomer full of fears. By to-morrow he will be as jolly as his bodily ailment will allow. By one bedside sits the native evangelist with his open Bible. Portions of the gospels are scattered about the wards, and as I go from patient to patient, dressing wounds and attending to their wants, I question them about their reading, and urge them to bring their sinsick souls to the great Physician."

SURGICAL WORK.

He wrote: "It would be difficult for a medical man in England to comprehend my anxiety over serious surgical cases. At home consultants are called in, and whatever operation is undertaken, whatever the result, it is accepted that the best thing has been done for the patient. Here I am alone. The Chinese, though they see a man very ill, don't realize that unless operated upon he must die. If he should die after the operation they would spread abroad the news that the operation had killed him.

"Though God has not given to his servants miraculous powers of healing, yet so greatly has he enlightened us that the man fully instructed and doing his work in humble dependence upon divine help will achieve such success that in the eyes of the Chinese it appears to be well-nigh miraculous."

A CHINESE MEDICAL SCHOOL

A delegation of young Chinamen, who had been sent to the best schools and colleges of America, and had been after a few years recalled to China because it was feared they would become Americanized, attracted

Mackenzie's attention. He asked that eight of these young men be given him to be trained in medical science. He wrote concerning this work:

"I am not merely training surgeons for the Chinese government. This is a rare opportunity to influence educated young men from a Christian standpoint. My hands are left perfectly free by the viceroy, and the young men are entirely under my charge.

"I have to be a whole medical faculty in myself, and it sorely taxes my time. The more I know of the Chinese, especially their educated men, the more I feel there is a mine of wealth here."

At this period of his life, when Dr. Mackenzie so much needed the comforts of home and family, his wife's health failed and she was obliged to go to England.

A CHINESE DECORATION

In recognition of the valuable service rendered to the students of the medical school the Emperor of China bestowed on Dr. Mackenzie an imperial decoration. It was called "The Star of the Order of the Double Dragon." It was made of gold, with a precious stone in blue, corresponding

with the blue buttons worn by mandarins. The doctor wrote:

"It was accompanied by an embroidered ribbon to be worn with it, and the whole was incased in an ebony cabinet with a dispatch to explain the reason of the gift. It is kindly meant and a gracious gift, and as such I value it. In Chinese official society, too, it gives me a certain rank which is not to be despised by one living and working here."

HARD WORK

His work, which pressed so heavily in many different departments—teaching, healing, preaching—care and responsibility enough for ten men, began to tell upon him physically. He says:

"I no longer have time to read anything but the Bible. The verse, 'In nothing be anxious,' has proven a great comfort both in regard to family sorrows and hospital cares, for with so many patients, and most of them surgical operations of the greatest severity, I could scarcely have borne the strain.

"It is very delightful to see around you spiritual growth. It is worth suffering much (though I have no cause to talk of suf-

fering, my joy has been so full) and coming a long way to see Chinamen drinking in the living water. You would be interested in the sight going on in the hospital wards nearly every afternoon—little groups of patients gathered round one or two beds, and one of the hospital helpers busy teaching them. It is wonderful how God has used this medical work to spread into the district all around the news of salvation.

"The medical missionary has this great advantage over his clerical brother, the people seek him, he has not to trouble about seeking them. As in our Lord's day, they come only for material benefits.

"There are many depressing influences in our medical work. A visitor once said to me:

"'How *can* you spend your life among these dirty wretches?'

"We have to work with imperfect instruments in the shape of clumsy, if willing, men in place of the intelligent and tender nurses of our home hospitals. We have to put up with ideas of cleanliness different from our own. To counterbalance this we need the elevating influence of service for God."

DEATH

After a few days' illness from smallpox, contracted from his patients, Dr. Mackenzie died. A few hours before death he was told he was better, and was asked if that pleased him. He answered, "I am quite ready whichever way it is. I only want the Lord's will to be done. It would be nice to stay and do a little more work, if that is his will."

Very early in the morning while it was yet dark, on Easter Day, God's finger touched him and he slept.

From the viceroy's palace to the poorest hovel there was sorrow and dismay.

"How can the sick be healed now?" they cried.

"There will never be such another physician," they said.

"I never thought Chinamen could be so affected," said one who knew only the stolid side of their natures.

Chinamen thronged the little church and cemetery, the viceroy sending two high officials to represent himself and Lady Li. Thirty-six different men were bearers, changing places as they moved, to give all

who requested the privilege a chance to carry the body a little way.

The large congregation sang together the beautiful hymn,

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best.
Good night!"

Very tenderly they thought of the wife and child and old father in the home land to whom the sad message had been sent the day before.

There in the land he loved, amid the people whom he served so well, the tired body lies sleeping.

"Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And he shall come, but not in lowly guise.
Good night!"

VI

James M. Thoburn

BY

W. F. Oldham, D.D.

VI

James M. Thoburn

THE great battles of Christianity are those fought against cultivated and literary non-Christian systems. That the cannibal savages of the Pacific or some of the wild tribes of Africa should quickly yield to the presence of the missionary and the preaching of the Gospel is, indeed, matter for glad thanksgiving. But the greater triumphs of the cross are achieved against the fortified systems of religious error. When the powerful and polished systems of the Greeks and the religion of imperial Rome confronted the early Christian Church, and without prestige and social advantage young Christianity overcame them by the might of her moral earnestness and the fullness of her spiritual life, the victory was greater and more wonderful than those she achieved later through her dauntless missionaries among the wild Goths and savage Teutons of northern Europe.

Of the great religious systems that stand

opposed to Christianity to-day Hinduism, with a following of about two hundred millions, is among the most numerous and is, in many regards, the most difficult to attack. It is a purely ethnic faith, and is confined to one people. These are the inhabitants of that vast and populous peninsula of southern Asia known as India. The difficulties presented by India to the spread of the Gospel are many; some are common to all oriental countries, and some peculiar to this land. Of the former, perhaps the chief are the national conservatism and dislike for innovation, particularly for imported novelties in religion, the moral inertia of every great mass of paganism, and the utter deadening of the conscience by centuries of gross sin. Peculiar to India are the difficulties of a rigid caste system, which destroys individual liberty, and a dreamy pantheism, which tends to confuse the moral sense and almost destroys conscience, while conservatism deepens into passionate devotion to the customs of the past.

This vast land, thronging with people among whom the ascendency of the British government gives easy access and perfect safety, could not but early attract the atten-

tion of a missionary-hearted Church. The Methodist Episcopal Church, which had spent the first half century of her life in laying those broad, deep foundations in the home land which continue to make her the first of American denominations, had already sent her first missionaries to Liberia in 1833, and to China in 1847, when the ardent gaze of that great missionary secretary, Dr. Durbin, was attracted to India. In 1852 it was determined to open a mission wherever on the broad bosom of the Indian peninsula a suitable territory, unoccupied by other missions, could be found. After much delay a suitable leader was found in William Butler, *nomen præclarum et venerabile*, of the New England Conference. He was a man of marked and varied ability, whom time has crowned as one of the great and enduring names of the Church, and to whom was given the added honor of afterward opening another great foreign mission field of the Church—Mexico.

Dr. Butler reached Calcutta September 25, 1856, and, in consultation with the leaders of other missions, selected as the Methodist Episcopal mission field a small territory in North India. A little later this

territory was somewhat extended. About twenty years from then it was found that Methodism could not be contained in any narrow limits; and now the Methodist Episcopal Church is coterminous with the Indian empire, and has gone beyond into the island region of Malaysia. The wisdom of the early choice of territory is, however, demonstrated by the abundant fruitage of the missions in the first India mission field, where to this day more than one half of all our converts are found. Scarcely had Dr. Butler gotten to work when the world was startled by the outburst of Mohammedan fanaticism and Hindu bigotry in the "Indian mutiny." The thrilling story of those trying days, the narrow escape of the Butlers, and the heroic martyrdoms of our early Methodist converts is told in that missionary classic which ought to be in all our libraries, a volume more fascinating than any romance—*The Land of the Veda*, by William Butler.

The mutiny deeply stirred the Christian world, and on the restoration of order the India Mission was reinforced by two missionaries and their wives, and, in the following year, by what was then considered

a large party—six men, five of them married and accompanied by their wives. Of these nine male pioneers seven remain to this day, having rendered among them an aggregate of about two hundred and fifty years of missionary service. Drs. Parker, Messmore, Waugh, and Humphrey are still active men, and Dr. Baume has but recently retired. Their leader, William Butler, who lives in Newton Center, Mass., quietly waits for the morning, while his son, the Rev. John W. Butler, happy inheritor of his father's ability and zeal, builds wisely and well the nascent Methodism of Mexico. The record is unparalleled.

It is the purpose of this sketch to narrate briefly the career of but one of this band of pioneers—and he the youngest—who, in the providence of God and by the appointment of the Church, has come in these later years to the leadership of the Methodist Episcopal forces in India and Malaysia. In any article so brief as this must be but scant attention can be given to the absorbingly interesting fields of missionary enterprise entered, the intricate and distracting problems faced, and the wondrous achievements accomplished, in the face of the most for-

midable difficulties, under him of whom we write. Even of the leader himself our words must be few.

James Mills Thoburn, of an old Irish family of Thorburns, was born near St. Clairsville, O., in March, 1836. His father was a small farmer, a man of active piety and rare good sense; his mother was a woman of extraordinary parts and force of character. All her children received from her such inspiration for life as will abide for all time. The family consisted of five boys, of whom James was the youngest, and five girls. Three of the brothers have died—one of them killed in battle; all the sisters, including Isabella, the well-known India missionary, and Mrs. General Cowen, the equally well-known Woman's Foreign Missionary Secretary, live in useful service.

Of the boy James the record among his earliest friends is that he was a lad of unceasing activity and of kindly nature. The words that best characterize the outstanding traits of his boyhood are "mischief and generosity." The overflowing spirits and incessant movement of the restless boy were always condoned by the fact that he was ever willing to suffer for others' escapades.

When he was but fourteen years old his father died, but his mother determined that nothing should interfere with the lad's schooling. Graduating from the public schools of his native place, he entered Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pa., greatly encouraged by the prediction of his neighbors that so mischievous a fellow would on leaving home surely go to destruction. His mother knew her boy better, and the event proved her right. Perhaps his neighbors' doleful forecast helped to put the young man on his mettle.

In Allegheny College then, as now, the spirit of earnest Methodist evangelism was present. The glory of the Christian college is that it ministers to the religious as well as the mental needs, and so trains for time and eternity. Epworth Leaguers will do well to note that the schools which have bred the great builders of the kingdom of Jesus Christ have been those taught by God-fearing and loving-hearted men. Allegheny College, modest and unpretentious, has yet enrolled a noble band of students which includes such names as Bishop Kingsley, Senator Allison, Dr. Long, of Roberts College, Bishop Thoburn, President McKinley,

and hundreds of other worthies. Here at the "Old Brick Church"—hallowed spot in the memory of hundreds of scarred and grizzled veterans in God's army—James M. Thoburn was soundly converted to God.

On his graduation he became a member of the Pittsburg Conference, which then included much of Ohio, and was appointed to a circuit in what is now in the territory of the East Ohio Conference, and included the towns of Greentown and Marlboro. Here the young preacher on one hundred dollars a year pursued his active and busy life, until with deepening consecration to his Master's service there came to him a clear call to leave home and kindred and turn his face to an unknown land in a far-off region, to proclaim among the Christless millions the grace that had saved him. So many young Christians are solemnly pondering the question of a call to foreign mission service that it might be well to quote from his own words at a later date the personal experience of the young circuit rider. The persuasion grew upon him that somehow his work in Ohio was drawing to a close. "How this definite and disquieting conviction began I cannot tell. I never could recall its origin

or tell how it had taken possession of my mind. I only knew that the issue must soon be decided definitely for all time to come." God's calls to his children to specific enterprise are always accompanied by an "open way" along which to walk in answer to the call. In a broad, general way, it might be said the voice of the Church is the echo of the voice of God, and one attests to any hearer the message of the other.

At this time appeared in *The Christian Advocate* the "call for six missionaries" to reinforce the India Mission. The young preacher read it with burning heart and streaming eyes, and immediately gave himself in humble consecration to God for India. He started to find his presiding elder, D. P. Mitchell (afterward of Kansas), to advise with him; but before he spoke his thoughts he learned that the elder was seeking him with a commission from Bishop Janes for service in the India Mission. The offer was immediately accepted. "I went up stairs to the little prophet chamber and knelt down to seek for guidance from above, but I could not pray. God poured his Spirit upon me from on high, and my heart so overflowed with a hallowed feeling of love

and joy that I could not utter a word. It was not so much a call *to* India that I received as an acceptance *for* India." "That hour stands out in my life as the burning bush must have stood in the memory of Moses." Not all calls to foreign service are alike, but it is well that men and women called to most arduous and difficult enterprise should definitely know that they are commissioned from above for their high tasks.

One more quotation from the missionary's experience because of its truth and pathos. The entire party was being farewelled in the Lynn Commons Church, in Lynn, Mass. "The church was so crowded I could only get room to stand in the vestibule, near the door. I was leaning against the stairway listening to a thousand children singing. Turning to a stranger, I said, 'What sweet singing!' 'You'd better enjoy it all you can,' he replied, 'for you will never hear such singing again.' The words dropped upon my heart like lead; my unbelieving heart did not then dare to hope that in other tongues I should hear the songs of Zion warbled by the glad young voices of thousands rescued from the worship of idols, and

that the praises of Christ were to be taken up by all the little ones of earth."

The party soon after sailed for India, and after one hundred days found themselves in the Hooghly River, where the first object that impressed them was the massive outlines of a temple of Juggernaut. India's gods are many. Their stories and their temples fill the land. A perfect saturnalia of idolatry possesses the whole country. Under every tall tree, on every high mountain, worship is continually being offered to some one of the multiplied millions of polluting gods. Whatever the earliest Hinduism may have been, it is to-day a system of unspeakable grossness in many of its teachings, and its gods and goddesses reach such depths of shameless iniquity as cannot but deprave their worshipers. It was significant that the first thing to attract the missionary's gaze was the temple of one of these many gods against whom he was to exalt Jehovah to their overthrowing.

After a brief council in Calcutta, followed by the Annual Meeting in Lucknow, he proceeded to Naini Tal to begin his missionary labors. The location of this station, seven thousand feet above sea level, the little

straggling town picturesquely nestling above a beautiful mountain lake, left nothing to be desired in the way of climate or scenic beauty. Indeed, it is a great mistake to suppose that a missionary's deprivations are in these matters. God's world is beautiful everywhere, and the Church does not willingly expose its servants to physical hardships beyond what is necessary to effective service. The great trials of a missionary's life arise from the loss of social and religious privileges. To live in the shadow of a solid wall of heathenism, to resist the chill and moral malaria of a Christless mass, to look into a thousand faces and look in vain for any response to the thoughts that fill his own soul, to receive no help from any fellow-worshiper—this is the trial, this the deprivation of the missionary. But none even of these things moved the ardent young soul who, among the mountains of India, gave himself with unwearying fidelity to the building of the kingdom. While the way along which he was called to walk was strange and unfamiliar, one presence went with him, and the Christ who saved him in the old brick church in Meadville cheered the heart of his young herald as he moved

among the multitudes of the untaught in far-away India.

The favorite picture before the eyes of many in America, as in imagination they see the missionary at his work in distant lands, is that his progress is marked by the hastening together of thousands of eager hearers who thirst to hear the preaching of the Gospel, and that the missionary's course is marked by something like a popular ovation. Very different were the facts, as the young preacher discovered, in these early pioneer days. Preaching to a handful of white soldiers, stammering in broken words, eager to tell of the great salvation to little groups of wondering natives; the teaching of a few pupils with difficulty persuaded to run the risk of contamination by contact with a Christian; little humble services under trying and often under disappointing circumstances—these were the early experiences; but during these days faith deepened, consecration reached new depths, and data for the solution of a hundred future problems was being stored by the man who with open eyes and with teachable spirit and quenchless ardor was building even then better than he knew.

He now took as his companion the widow of his fellow-missionary, and was married to Mrs. Downey. Their married life was brief, but it was long enough to teach him the value of woman's work among women. A babe was born. He is now the Rev. Crawford Thoburn, the talented and successful president who is laying the foundations of a great university at Tacoma, Wash. Four weeks later the young wife and mother took her flight to that heaven which, thank God, is to his dear children as near India as anywhere. Two weeks later the sad-hearted man with his babe and a young mountaineer convert, whom many in America remember as Harkua Wilson, came down to Bareilly, and a year after returned to his native land feeble in health but with imperishable love for the people to whose evangelizing God has called and sealed him.

What pen can picture the home-coming of God's anointed servants? To look once more upon the face of mother and kinsfolk, to strike glad hands with friends and old acquaintances, to be in the life of Christendom, to feel the throbbing fervor of Christian communities, to move where Christ is known and loved—this itself is tonic and health.

Not that the foreign missionary has not eyes to see the defects and blots upon the life of the home land; he is often its most faithful censor; but only he who has stood amid the moral desolations of heathenism in unspeakable loneliness of spirit can quite understand what Dr. Duff meant when he wrote, "It will be to me for rapture of joy to throw myself upon my face and kiss the heath of my native land."

Young Mr. Thoburn found an open door awaiting him at home. At Conference sessions, at camp meetings, in many of the first pulpits of the land the returned missionary's voice was heard, and wherever he spoke interest was aroused, zeal quickened, and enlarged gifts flowed into the treasury of the Society. If our missionary treasury is today below the requirements of our world-wide missions, if something of debt oppresses us, and if retrenchment in the very hour of marvelous success is forced upon our remonstrating missionaries, there are but two ways to mend the situation: first, to seek a deeper consecration in carrying out God's program on earth, "Go ye forth and disciple all nations," and, second, to get more definitely informed concerning the religious

destitution of the larger half of the race. A wider use of our returned missionaries, such a use of the men as the women's societies make of the returned women, would help us much.

After a longer stay than he desired James Thoburn returned to India. In his absence the Mission had been visited by a Methodist bishop, the first to administer the Mission, Edward Thomson. He was a man of rare ability and such singular insight that it is a question whether any Church official ever visited a foreign land who saw so easily and clearly into the heart of vexed and difficult problems as he. The Mission was organized into a Conference by Bishop Thomson, and Missionary Thoburn's appointment was changed to Paori, in the mountains of Gurhwal, eight days' journey from Naini Tal, or as far in time as from New York to Berlin. On his way to his appointment, a year later, he preached from place to place, and that the reader may catch a glimpse of the missionary at work there is subjoined a passage from his own pen:

"We found ourselves in a little courtyard about forty feet square, with a small banyan tree in its center. Three small houses opened

into it, and the three families living in these houses had a joint interest in the property. Under the banyan tree, on a small earthen platform about twelve inches high, was a rude private shrine for the use of the owners. The people followed us into the courtyard and filled it in every part, while others leaned over the mud wall or stood outside, where they could both see and hear. After singing and prayer I stood on the mud platform close beside the gods and told the people about Jesus and his salvation. They listened with eager attention, and the sight of their dusky faces upturned in the bright moonlight acted like an inspiration upon me. The idols by my feet gave no one a thought; all seemed to feel that a new message from God had come to them, and as I glanced up and saw the bright moonbeams straggling down through the thick foliage of the banyan tree it seemed as if God's everlasting light was shining upon us, and faith rose up in new strength to claim an assured victory. We prayed that night that God would give us that idol shrine and all the souls that bowed down to those images of stone and clay, and lay down to sleep in thankfulness and hope. I shall never forget the luxury

of preaching I enjoyed that night. It was an unmixed joy to preach in such a place to such a people with such a hope. . . . Very soon after Brother Mansell baptized the man who had invited us to hold the meeting in his courtyard, . . . and a small room which opened into the square was fitted up as a chapel." Out of hours like these are born the tidal waves that are to sweep the nations into the Church of God. Two years of laborious but successful activity saw the planting of many Christian enterprises in Gurhwal.

Meanwhile the whole India Conference was strengthening its foundations, and much of the preparatory work of organization was being done. Foundation laying attracts but little attention, and yet the stability of the future structure lies here. Much of the wider success of these later years must be attributed to the beginnings so carefully nursed in that earlier time. It was a day of small things. But faithfulness and ardor and confident trust in God soon bring larger things, and so the India Conference was to prove. In 1869 the Conference appointment read, "Moradabad District, J. M. Thoburn, P. E.;" and in the following year Bishop Kingsley transferred him to the eldership of Lucknow

District, perhaps the most responsible position of the Methodist Church in India.

Meanwhile, without design, he had helped in a transaction which was fraught with untold good to Eastern lands and to the Church at large. Some time before he had written his sister Isabella in her Ohio home to join him as a missionary helper. She forthwith consented. Mrs. Parker and seven other ladies about this time met in Tremont Street Church, in Boston, and organized the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. One of the first two ladies to embark for India, under the auspices of this Society, was Miss Thoburn. Her work has been no whit behind that of her distinguished brother, and the help conveyed to the darkened nations of the world by the ministry of earnest-minded and devoted women deserves to be told in a separate article by some facile pen in fingers urged by a heart throbbing with intelligent gratitude to God, who discovered to the Church this mighty source of new power.

While at Lucknow, where Dr. Thoburn was joined by his sister, another event happened, fraught likewise with largest blessing to India and Indian Methodism. This

was the invitation extended by the Methodist missionaries to William Taylor, the World Evangelist. He had been greatly used of God among the pagan tribes of Africa, his ministry had been blessed to thousands in America and Australia. The India missionaries, longing to see some decided break in the mighty masses around them, sent to Taylor, asking for his presence, and prayed God to bless his coming. The evangelist came. The word was with power in Lucknow, in Cawnpore, in other places. But it was the nominally Christian world that was moved. The "raw heathen" did not seem to respond. A few notable conversions occurred, but in almost every case it was among those who had already formally joined the Christian camp.

Devoutly waiting upon God for further leading, William Taylor found himself in Bombay, where he saw many English-speaking people, Europeans, Eurasians, and natives, soundly converted to God. There was no Methodist church, English or American, in Bombay. The territory lay hundreds of miles outside the bounds of the India Conference. The missionary au-

thorities were thousands of miles away; besides, Taylor jealously maintained the fact that he was not the agent of any society, but a servant of the Lord, belonging to the Methodist Church. He had already conceived the project of using the scattered English people as a base of operations among the natives who were outpoured around them. From the beginning our missionaries had served English congregations within their borders. The religious life of bands of nominal Christians living in the sight of the heathen world must always be a matter for deepest concern to the missionary. Bishop Walden, on his return from China and Japan, in his most intelligent survey of the situation urges the opening now of churches among the English-speaking foreigners along the coasts of eastern Asia. The godlessness of Europeans scattered among non-Christian Asiatics is one of the capital hindrances to the spread of the Gospel. William Taylor's thought was to turn this obstacle into a help by the active evangelization of these nominal Christians.

There was supposed to be a tacit agreement that the American Methodists were

to be confined to the territory occupied by their India Conference. He was not to be deterred, however, by any such compacts, real or implied; so he went forward boldly and organized a Methodist Episcopal church, first in Bombay, and later in other points as far apart as Madras and Calcutta, the opposite ends of India. The most difficult of these enterprises was that in Calcutta, where the dauntless man, with scarcely a friend to begin with, sang and prayed and preached his way into the hearts of a considerable following, whom he formally organized and established in a plain, commodious church building. These scattered congregations were afterward organized by Bishop Harris, in 1873, into the India Mission, and later, in 1876, by Bishop Andrews, into the South India Conference, although part of its territory lay hundreds of miles north of the old "India Conference," which was now named the "North India Conference."

William Taylor's plan for India's evangelization has never in any sense wholly succeeded. There are many reasons which, had he known India better, would have warned him that no single plan can be relied on to Christianize so vast a mass with a

comparative handful of migratory Englishmen. The English and their descendants in India are so constantly on the move that our churches lose twenty per cent of their membership yearly by removals. A very large proportion of the membership, too, has but the smallest acquaintance with the vernacular. But while it were vain to rely wholly upon such a shifting and unsatisfactory basis as the only means for reaching so vast and well-organized a heathen system, the splendid heroism and self-sacrificing spirit of the Taylor movement helped to put iron into the blood of the young Methodist Church, and more accent was put everywhere upon self-support, and wider use has everywhere been made of scattered English communities since his day. Above all, his scattered churches committed us to the evangelization of all India, and Methodism must now do her full share in the salvation of a widespread and multitudinous nation.

While Taylor was planting these churches and elaborating and illustrating his theory of "self-support" in the South India Conference God was strangely preparing Thoburn to succeed Taylor and to conserve his

work by gradually methodizing it, and by eventually coordinating it with the existing Methodist missions. It was he who was largely to evolve from these a united Methodism which holds all that is good in both the methods, the "regular society" and the "self-support" methods. The friction that at one time threatened to divide India Methodism into two camps has entirely passed away, and the man who more than any other has brought about the present compacted and aggressively militant Methodism of India, north and south, east and west, was peculiarly fitted for the task. As Presiding Elder of Oudh District he gave up his Missionary Society salary because it seemed to him better when dealing with questions of wages among the native preachers to himself rely on the local resources. But he had no word nor thought of reproach against his brethren. He refused to make it a party cry, but trusted the missionaries who disagreed with him in policy and worked heartily with them. Presently Taylor would be gone. Philip-like, the Spirit would carry him to a distant shore. Among his own men there were none who either had large experience or had risen to anything like

marked leadership. The movement was but four years old in the oldest church, and the men were young and inexperienced. Who should lead this scattered, zealous, enthusiastic, but inexperienced band ?

Bishop Harris selected Dr. Thoburn from the North India Conference for the manning of Calcutta, the most important point, perhaps, in the Taylor work. Here the work was first to develop the English church and from this base to engage so far in the evangelizing of the great city of nearly a million of people, speaking a Babel of languages, as strength and skill and resources would permit. The English congregation increased so rapidly that it soon became necessary to erect a larger building, which is among the largest Christian auditoriums in India. So high did the enthusiasm run that on the day of dedication the congregation raised thirty-six thousand rupees, while in the evening twenty penitents bowed at the altar as the sign of the divine presence and approval. From the English-speaking, the revival spread among the Bengalis, and before long a strong native church grew up, and in connection with these two congregations all manner of mis-

sionary activities were projected whereby Dr. Thoburn's name became a household word among all classes of the people in India's chief governmental city.

Nor were his activities confined to Calcutta. The whole Bengal-Bombay Mission felt his presence, and his long years of experience in the India Mission, his clear insight into the difficulties that beset the new work, his splendid constructive ability, which was able to suggest such modifications of the Discipline and such departures as the circumstances called for, all combined to make him easily the leader of Indian Methodism and its trusted representative in the councils of the Church. He was accordingly elected to the General Conference of 1876, and while there secured the recognition of the Bengal-Bombay Mission as a prospective Annual Conference.

On his return from America he immediately resumed charge of the work in Calcutta with the presiding eldership of the district. Now it was that the great Calcutta church was dedicated free of debt, and all India felt that a vigorous type of evangelical religion which ministered to all people in various languages had come into

the main cities to be supported largely from local resources. From his Calcutta pulpit as a place of power Dr. Thoburn projected schools and new mission stations and many forms of evangelical aggression. Loved and trusted by a multitude of many denominations, he was intrusted with means to do good by all manner of people, and was at once one of the most useful and most hard-worked men in India.

But even this wide field did not absorb all his energies. Across the Bay of Bengal from Calcutta lies Burmah, Adoniram Judson's field! Methodists from India were constantly going and coming to and from Burmah. From the great city of Rangoon came urgent cry for help. With scarcely enough money to pay their passages, Dr. Thoburn and R. E. Carter entered Rangoon, and proceeded at once to preach and lay the foundations of a Methodist mission to supplement the work of our Baptist friends among eight millions of people. It will now be generally conceded that the coming of the Methodists to Burmah has quickened all existing missionary enterprise and has given the cause of Christ marked impetus.

In nothing, perhaps, has the constructive ability and clear statesmanship of Dr. Thoburn served the Church better than in the part he has taken in outlining on the field and securing in the home councils such modifications and readjustments of our disciplinary provisions as the peculiar circumstances of a far-away land call for. The flexibility of our polity and the hospitable temper of the home authorities, too, has been as frequently illustrated by the readiness to suffer these changes when their reason was made clear. The presence of Dr. Thoburn in the General Conferences since 1876 has been invaluable in this connection. Mild-tempered, gentle, but shrewd and of keenest insight, never engaging in unnecessary debate, and always speaking with that inner glow that comes from intense conviction, he rarely fails to carry his point. He has thus secured invaluable legislative concessions for the mission fields. His deep anxiety for the progress of the work in his own field may seem sometimes to have blunted his perception of the claims of others, but those who know him best know that Dr. Thoburn is a wide-eyed, catholic-spirited man, who rejoices with a full heart in all the triumphs

of the Redeemer, wherever won. And if, in his splendid enthusiasm, he sometimes betrays a touch of impatience at what seems to him the laggard movement of the Church of his love, let it be remembered that his great Master once cried to the disciples of his day, "O, slow of heart to believe!" To one who sees the largest conquests just ahead, who has already entered into the beginnings of victory, the comparative apathy and dullness of the great army seems at times almost incredible. Shall we wonder if sometimes he comes near losing patience? Were it not better we should quicken our steps? Leaguers, forward! The great generals at the front of the army call for quickened pace in the storming of the strongholds of paganism. Men and supplies to the front! The flag of Jesus is presently to wave on the dismantled ramparts already closely invested.

In 1884 Dr. Thoburn found in Kingston, O., a gracious lady, a graduate in medicine, Miss Anna Jones, who consented to become his partner in toil and triumph. Mrs. Thoburn proves to be a lady of rare gifts of mind and heart.

In 1885 Malaysia, an island empire of

forty millions of people, was opened by Dr. Thoburn to Methodist missionary effort, and one of the most successful of our young missions was planted there. Meanwhile there had grown up throughout our wide-extended India missions, whose greatest length is now close to four thousand miles, a firm conviction that they needed the constant presence of a bishop. Much as they valued the annual visits of the general superintendents, they felt that the incoming of a new man every year, who stayed with them but three months, did not give them the close and continuous superintendency needed to unify and coordinate their widespread movements. In the General Conference of 1888 this matter came to a focus, and it was determined by that body to appoint a "Missionary Bishop for India and Malaysia." There was but one name seriously considered. Dr. Thoburn was elected and consecrated as the diocesan of this vast domain. How magnificently he has administered his trust, how grandly God's work has gone forward among that noble band of missionaries whose trusted friend and leader he is, a very brief recapitulation of the India statistics will show.

The most marked and continuous revival of religion on the face of the earth to-day is among our humble brethren in India. Read the figures. In 1888 there were two Conferences and one Mission; there are now five Annual Conferences and one Mission Conference.

	Sunday Schools.	*Scholars.*	*Day Schools.*	*Scholars*
1888.....	703	27,000	545	14,000
1892.....	1,376	50,000	1,039	29,000
1896	2,249	72,000	1,297	30,000

The membership has increased from 24,000 to 84,000, while the Christian community during the eight years has increased at the rate of A THOUSAND A MONTH! The Epworth League, recently introduced, already numbers 140 chapters with 7,000 members, and elicits from Bishop Thoburn the remark, "The success of the Epworth League in India has from the first been surprising." The number of workers under appointment has reached the astonishing figure of 3,000, of whom but a handful are foreign missionaries. Great urgency is being put upon the development of "self-support," and quaintly interesting and deeply pathetic are the reports of the district meetings on "self-support day," when

humble men and women, who but recently were idol worshipers, bring the produce of the field and barnyard, and even the scant savings from their meager daily meals, to make possible among them and their heathen neighbors the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The whole land is deeply moved. Amid the din of contending voices, the decay of ancient religions, the collapse of hoary and oppressive systems, there rises among the multitudinous and polyglot people of India the outlines of the cross and the form of One who is set forth as "evidently crucified" for them. From his pale lips they hear the cry, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," and poor, religiously heavy laden, but deep-hearted India hears her Saviour's call and hastens to lay at the foot of the cross the burden she has borne for centuries. Marshaling the hosts of Methodism, leading in the very van of the movement for the redemption of this land, is the brave-hearted, enthusiastic, keen-eyed, wholly devoted man whom God in his providence has raised up to be the Francis Asbury of India —James M. Thoburn, Bishop of India and Malaysia.

VII

Mary Reed

BY

MISS MARY LOUISE NINDE

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And whoso suffers most hath most to give."

-Ugo Bassi.

VII

Mary Reed

In northern India, where the snow-clad Himalayas look down in solemn grandeur upon the smiling valley at their feet, and far removed from the blighting heat and turmoil of the plains, stands a modest little home. The early morning beams gild the tiled roof and the afternoon sun lingers lovingly on the whitewashed walls ere it sinks to rest behind the "everlasting hills." In this secluded retreat dwells a sweet-faced young woman, with abundant brown hair combed back from a peaceful brow, and tender eyes that sometimes turn a little wistfully toward the crimsoned West, where thousands of miles away lies the land of her birth, whose shores her feet will never tread again. "Set apart" by her heavenly Father for a special work, she daily ministers to the forsaken and suffering ones, whose piteous cries for help were never unheeded by the Master when on earth. The influence of a consecrated, heroic life

is not bounded by ocean or continent, and wherever, the world over, the story of Mary Reed is known faith grows stronger and the hearts of men and women are made purer and better.

Miss Reed was born in Ohio, in a little town bearing the curious name of "Crooked Tree." She was converted at the age of sixteen, and early received her call to be a missionary. In 1884 she sailed for India, under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was appointed to Cawnpore. This old Mogul city, situated on the western bank of the Ganges, is one of our most important centers of work. It was occupied during the early days of the Mission, and Bishop Thoburn refers to his experience in crossing the river and entering this new field as "crossing the Indian Rubicon," so significant a move was it felt to be. Cawnpore was the scene of terrible carnage during the Sepoy rebellion, and one of the most sadly interesting spots in the city is the historic well, now covered by a marble shrine, surmounted by a statue of the Angel of Peace, where the bodies of the two hundred women and children, so cruelly murdered by the

Sepoys, were thrown. Miss Reed was put in charge of the zenana work in this place. "Zenana" is a Persian word, and signifies the part of the house reserved for the women. It is only by house-to-house visitation that the native women can be reached, since they are kept in strict seclusion, except those of the very lowest class.

How well I remember my first visit to Cawnpore! It was a busy time, for Miss Reed, filled herself with a consuming zeal for the work, was eager that I should see and learn as much of it as possible during my brief stay. I never grew tired of accompanying her on her daily round of calls at the homes of the people. We usually set out about ten o'clock in the morning, in the *zenana ghari*, an oblong, boxlike vehicle, with shutters at the sides to exclude the sun, which even in winter must be carefully avoided by Europeans. Driving through the city till the streets became too narrow to proceed further, we would alight and slowly edge our way on foot among the jostling crowds to our first zenana. Up dark flights of stairs to stifling, uninviting chambers; into inner courts, damp and chilly, generally reached by passing through the stable among the

oxen and buffalo; sometimes in homes of wealth, but oftenest in those of extreme poverty; usually received gladly, but occasionally met with averted glances and a drawing away from contact with our clothes, or even the polluting influence of our shadow, on we went, from zenana to zenana. Seated at Miss Reed's side on a low bed of woven rope, the best substitute for chairs most of the houses afforded, I was a sympathetic listener while she sang and talked to the group of dark-eyed women and children gathered around us on the floor. Patiently she answered their childish little questions, and again and again drew back their wandering attention to the simple Gospel truths she was so earnestly trying to impress on their minds. We had no support for our backs, and I often tried to rest by leaning first on one hand and then the other. But Miss Reed seemed utterly oblivious to personal discomfort and fatigue, and only the increasing pallor of her face, as the hours wore on, convinced me that she also was succumbing to the weariness she was too absorbed to heed.

At two o'clock we returned home. After lunch it was always necessary for Miss Reed to hurry away to write letters, to plan the

next day's work, to receive native callers, and to look after the affairs of the home, for she was a model housekeeper and kept everything under her careful supervision. "Do you never rest?" I asked her once. "I seldom have time," she replied, brightly, and truly she impressed me as one whose inmost soul was imbued with the thought that "the King's business requires haste." It was her habit each morning to meet with the native Bible women who assisted her in zenana visiting for an hour of Scripture study and prayer. One of the sweetest pictures I carry in my memory is that of this faithful missionary sitting in the midst of the Christian Hindus at her feet, their dark, upturned faces framed in clean white *chuddars*, instructing them concerning the things of the kingdom and then sending them out, two and two, to sow the seed, as the seventy went forth of old.

Several times a week Miss Reed visited the *ghats*. This was a feature of her work in which I became greatly interested. The *ghats* are the stone steps on the banks of the Ganges which are built for the accommodation of the Hindus, who flock in crowds to the river early every morning to

bathe in its sacred waters. As this is a privilege in which the women share, the missionary who visits the *ghats* not only has an opportunity to meet a large number of women at one time, but to talk to many of the higher castes who are too bigoted to receive her into their homes. In the dim light of a December morning, when the bells in the Hindu temples began to ring, Miss Reed and I roused from sleep and wended our way to the river. On drawing near to it what a scene met our eyes! The *ghats* where the women congregate were thronged with worshipers. Their rainbow-tinted draperies made brilliant patches of color against the gray sky and the yellow water of the Ganges. The noisy clamor of voices was almost deafening. Some women had just arrived, closely veiled, and were chattering volubly while they removed their outer coverings. Others, who had finished their bath, were slowly ascending the steps, shivering in the cool air and carrying a small brass cup containing Ganges water, which was to be taken home and placed before the household gods. Still others were seated on the wet flagging at the top of the stairs, busily engaged, by the aid of a tiny

mirror, in painting the marks on their foreheads which would show they had performed the required ablutions for that day. Hundreds of women were in the water, all praying aloud, though no two in unison, now gathering the water up in the palm of their hands and offering it to the sun, and now circling around or breathing heavily to frighten away the demons which are supposed to haunt them even in this sacred place. Miss Reed took her stand where the crowd was the thickest and began singing a *bhajan*—one of the native airs set to Christian words which the people like so well. At once the attention of the women was arrested, and many stopped to listen. As soon as they were quiet Miss Reed explained the meaning of the words of the hymn, which told the story of "Jesus and his love." But some laughed and turned away. Others became angry and retorted rudely. A few appeared thoughtful and touched. When her audience had scattered Miss Reed commenced singing again. To all who would receive it she gave Christian literature—tracts and small portions of the gospels. It was indeed scattering the seed broadcast, and only the all-seeing

Father knows whether any took root and brought forth fruit.

I was very anxious to visit Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus, and as I had no traveling companion Miss Reed kindly agreed to go with me. I think at that time she had never seen Benares herself. The busy life of a missionary affords little opportunity for sight-seeing. Benares is the Mecca of the Hindus. From all parts of India innumerable pilgrims find their way there every year, multitudes making the journey on foot, many even measuring the distance with their bodies by lying on their faces and stretching out their hands, then rising and placing their toes where their fingers reached, and thus proceeding for weary miles. By this meritorious act they hope to win the especial favor of the gods. Benares is on the Ganges some distance below Cawnpore. The morning after our arrival Miss Reed and I took a boat and sailed up and down the river in front of the city. The banks were lined with temples and palaces and presented a striking and picturesque appearance. Thousands of worshipers, men, women, and children, thronged the *ghats* and made turbulent the water

around them. At one point on the shore a column of smoke rising into the air showed us where the Hindus were burning their dead, for they never bury them, though the ashes are afterward gathered up and thrown into the Ganges. The fire at the "Burning Ghats," as this place is called, never goes out. Here and there along the shore we could discern a dying man lying on the ground, watched over by an attendant, probably some near relative, who had brought him here, it may be, from a great distance, that he might breathe his last on consecrated soil and with his feet dipped in the waters of the sacred river. After death, instead of being burned, the bodies of these men are often floated out on the sacred stream, soon, however, to be seized by a crocodile and quickly borne out of sight. After leaving the river Miss Reed and I roamed through the city, visiting only the most celebrated shrines and temples—for their number is legion, mingling with the pilgrims in the crowded byways, and confronting heathenism in its most heart-sickening aspects at every turn. We saw the famous monkey temple, where hundreds of chattering little creatures were scampering about

their beautiful home, making grimaces at the worshipers and evidently leading a very happy life. We tiptoed our way through the mud and slush around the sacred "Well of Knowledge" and peered down into its forbidding depths. Its waters are believed to be peculiarly efficacious in cleansing from sin, but the rank odor arising from the decaying flowers thrown into the well by countless devotees made us glad to turn away. In the temple of Shiva we witnessed a characteristic act of worship. A very aged woman, whose gray locks, shorn close to her head, told the sad story of widowhood, went to one of the silky-skinned cows wandering over the marble pavement of the outer court, and, placing a wreath of flowers around its neck, kissed its forehead; then, kneeling before it, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, she bowed her face to the ground many times. How we longed to tell her of Jesus, the burden-bearer, at whose feet she could find peace and comfort for her troubled heart! Miss Reed only stayed a day and a half in Benares. The sights we witnessed seemed to awake in her a new and almost overwhelming sense of her responsibility as a messenger of light to these sin-dark-

ened people: so, leaving me in the home of a Wesleyan missionary for a few days longer, she hastened back to her work in Cawnpore.

After five years of exhausting labor in India Miss Reed returned to America much broken in health. It was during this period of rest in the home land that the Holy Spirit revealed to her the special work to which the remainder of her life was to be consecrated. The surgeon selects with infinite care the instruments which are to be used in the most critical operations. Is it not ever thus with the great Physician? As Mary Reed was obedient to her Lord's first call, so now in the time of this crucial test she did not waver, but replied, with childlike trust and triumphant faith, "Here am I; send me." Our hearts were torn with anguish when we saw her enter the garden with the Master, but she gloried in her high privilege and followed him gladly.

For some time Miss Reed had been troubled by a stinging pain in the forefinger of her right hand. A curious spot also appeared on her cheek, low down near the ear. One day a voice seemed to whisper to her, "You have leprosy; you must go

back to India and devote the rest of your life to work among the lepers." From that moment she never felt any doubt as to the true nature of her disease. Her physician reluctantly admitted that her diagnosis seemed correct, and sent her to an eminent specialist in New York, who confirmed her opinion of the case. Later two noted physicians in London, and also one in Bombay, were consulted with the same result. It will probably always remain a mystery how Miss Reed contracted leprosy, as it is not known that she was ever exposed to it in any way. She herself simply explains it as a providential visitation, the seal of her divine appointment to work among the lepers, and very beautifully quotes:

> "No chance has brought this ill to me;
> 'Tis God's sweet will, so let it be;
> He seeth what I cannot see.
>
> "There is a *need be* for each pain;
> And he will make it one day plain
> That earthly loss is heavenly gain."

As soon as the necessary preparations could be made Miss Reed bade good-bye to home and loved ones and hurried back to India, crossing to England in the same steamer which carried the Epworth League pilgrims

to the Old World in the summer of 1891. I shall never forget the autumn evening when the news first reached me which fell with such crushing weight on so many hearts. It came in a letter from Mrs. Cowen, of Cincinnati, a sister of Bishop Thoburn, and one whom Miss Reed affectionately calls "My Missionary Mother." Almost the first words my eyes fell upon were the appalling ones, "Mary Reed is a leper!" After a little while I read on through blinding tears, "Pray for her mother; she has just learned the sad news; Mary did not tell her when she went away; *she did not even kiss her good-bye!*" I could not sleep that night. I am sure there were many who did not sleep when that awful word was brought to them. I thought of the mother in her heart-breaking sorrow, who could never hope to see her daughter's face again on earth. Then I thought of the daughter, devoted, heroic, journeying for the last time toward the far-away East. How vividly the days spent with her in India came back to me!

One experience especially stood out in my memory. During a second visit I made to Cawnpore I attended a Christmas celebration for the lepers. About five hundred

were gathered on a grassy common in a retired quarter of the city—poor mutilated creatures, in all stages of the disease. It was a pathetic sight to see them crouched on the ground, listening with eager interest while the missionaries sang and prayed and then told how Jesus healed the lepers of old and how he still loves them, and though he may not now work a miracle and cure their bodies he will enter their hearts, if they will but let him, and make them clean and whole. At the close of the exercises each leper was given a warm blanket and a handful of salt. On account of its high price in North India salt is a luxury with the poor people. Miss Reed and I stood side by side and looked pityingly on while the lepers filed slowly past us to receive their gifts. Many whose feet were reduced to mere stumps walked with the greatest difficulty. As each poor sufferer in turn came to the front the missionary in charge threw a blanket across his shoulders—for in most cases his hands were too maimed to hold it—and then made a bag in a corner of his outside garment in which the salt was poured. I well remember what a relief it was to me that day to return to Miss Reed's cheerful

home and try to shut out from my mind for a while the saddening and loathsome sights of the morning.

During the long hours of that sleepless night I also lived over again the week I spent in Moradabad at the time the North India Conference was in session. What a happy home-gathering that Conference was! And with what joyful anticipation the missionaries told me they had looked forward to it the whole year through, especially those in the outlying stations! Only a missionary knows the longing of the heart for companionship in a pagan land. And must Miss Reed henceforth be denied all these sweet comforts? I asked myself. May she never again join her colaborers in the Conference prayer meeting? Never again feel their arms thrown around her in loving embrace? Never even sit down to eat with them at the same table? O the unutterable loneliness of such a life! Can she endure it?

But in the meantime how tenderly was the loving Father guarding and guiding his child! In London she became acquainted with an American lady from New England, with whom she traveled across the Conti-

nent. This friend describes most touchingly the days they spent together:*

"I wondered instinctively at the ivory pallor of that sweet face and at the cruel spot that disfigured it, so different from anything I had ever seen. I wondered, too, as the days went by, why the forefinger, always covered with a white cot, refused to yield to healing remedies. I was not surprised when she asked permission to accompany us on our journey southward, which for the Master's sake was readily granted, although we did not think she was able to travel rapidly from place to place. Tears were in her eyes when she came to my room for the answer, and she said, 'I think God has sent you here in answer to my prayers.' Then she told me how with unwavering faith she had prayed and waited many days for some one to come with whom she could travel a part of her long overland journey to Brindisi, where she was to meet the steamer for India. Sympathy grew between us, and though the signs of some dread disease were ever present to my eyes my lips were

* From *An Evening with Mary Reed.* This is a complete missionary program, admirably adapted for use by Epworth Leagues. Price, 15 cents. Address Miss Pauline J. Walden, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

silent. As I came to know her better, I found that her heart craved companionship. Under the smiling English skies of Canterbury we walked up to St. Martin's, the little church whose memories go back at least thirteen hundred years. Near the chancel the English lassie who guided us stopped and, pointing to an opening in the thick wall, said, 'That is the leper's squint.' The poor sufferers, creeping to the sanctuary in olden times, might only listen from without to the words of life. Eloquent though mute are such barriers raised and maintained between life and death! If I had known then what I knew afterward my heart would have bled for the woman at my side. Calmly she stood there before us with a heavenly light in her eyes, not a muscle of her face betraying her heart's secret. In the grand old cathedral we paused before the stone staircase leading to à Becket's shrine, and gazed long at the hollows worn by the kneeling, praying pilgrims. *She* was making that journey, so full of pleasure to us, literally on her knees, *sustained and comforted by the power of prayer.*

Here and there we held sweet hours

of communion, and I, who had been accustomed to see missionaries seeking America when in her feeble condition, could not refrain from asking if it was right for her to return to India at an unfavorable season, before her health was established. Her lips quivered, but her gentle pleading voice grew steady as she replied, 'My Father knows the way I go, and I am sure it is the right way;' and at another time she said, 'I am returning to India under conditions in which no other missionary ever returned.'

"It was in Paris that she sang to me the hymns she loved so well, those song-prayers that must have ascended like incense to the ear of her Father. It was in Paris that she said one evening, 'If I thought it was right, and you would promise never to speak of it until you heard it in some other way, I should tell you my story.' I told her if aught in me inspired confidence that was the surest safeguard of her secret. On memory's walls there will hang while time lasts for me the picture of that scene. A wax taper burned dimly on the table beside her open Bible, that book of all books from whose pages she received daily consolation; and while without Paris was turning night

to day with light and music and wine, within, Mary Reed's gentle voice, faltering only at her mother's name and coming sorrow, told the secret of her affliction. As my throbbing heart caught its first glimpse of her meaning I covered my face to shut out the swiftly rising vision of her future even to the bitter end, and almost in agony I cried out, 'O, not that! do not tell me *that* has come to you." And when in calmer moments I said that all Christians ought to unite in prayer for her recovery her only response was, 'I have not yet received any assurance of healing; perhaps I can serve my Father better thus.'

"I come with sorrow to my last evening with Miss Reed. I sat in the shadow and she where the full moon, rising over the snowy mountains, just touched with a glory that loved to linger her pale, sweet face. Again I hear her voice in song:

> 'Straight to my home above
> I travel calmly on;
> And sing, in life or death,
> My Lord, thy will be done.'

And with the anticipation of our parting on the morrow she told me of her last hours in her Western home, of her father's

farewell breathed out in his morning prayer, telling the All-Father and the heart of his daughter the sorrow that for her sake should be repressed· how, upheld by a strength not her own, she went out as if some day she might return, and then hastened on to the land of her exile. On the shores of Lake Lucerne hand clasped hand for the last time on earth, and, with eyes blinded by gathering tears, our farewell was whispered, 'God be with you till we meet again.'"

From the earliest times India has been peculiarly subject to leprosy. The last official report gives the number of lepers in the country as one hundred and thirty-one thousand six hundred and eighteen. No cure has been found for this dreaded disease, though certain medicines are known to retard and even in some cases to arrest its progress. Medical authorities differ widely as to the danger from contagion. Bishop Thoburn says: "There are several varieties of leprosy, and none of them are at all contagious unless the skin is broken, which is not always the case, or when broken the affected part is brought into contact with a cut or abrasion of some kind on the skin of a healthy person.

Those of us who have lived long in India have practically ceased to be afraid of the lepers." Still, the English government has increasingly felt the wisdom of segregating the lepers as a precautionary measure, and only the expense involved has delayed the work so long. There are a few asylums, but their number is wholly inadequate to the needs. The only missionary society that works exclusively among this neglected class, though largely through the medium of existing agencies, is a Scotch and Irish organization called the "Mission to Lepers in India and the East." One of its asylums is at Chandag Heights, among the Himalaya Mountains, and is reached from the railway terminus at the base of the foothills by a nine days' journey on horseback, or in a *dandi* carried on the shoulders of natives. Miss Reed, on arriving in India, went at once to the north, and was made superintendent of this asylum. The society with which she thus became providentially connected, though still receiving her own support from America, writes of her as follows in one of their reports: "Most deeply pathetic is the story of how our staff of workers among the lepers has been so

strangely reinforced by the addition of a lady missionary of one of the American societies, who has contracted the disease in the course of her work in India. The committee has appointed her an agent in one of our asylums, as it is her earnest wish to spend her remaining strength in this special work to which she has been so mysteriously consecrated."

Miss Reed's home at Chandag is in the midst of ideal scenery, which I will let her describe in her own glowing words: "The mountains inclose a lovely valley, called Shor, like a massive and exquisitely beautiful frame around a magnificent picture. My home is on the crest of the range which forms the western boundary of the valley, or the left side of the picture frame. And the picture! A rich and beautiful valley, containing six square miles, lies more than one thousand feet below my lofty and lovely 'Retreat,' and is dotted with numerous villages which are surrounded by clumps of trees and terraced green fields of rice, wheat, and other grains. Through this valley a little river with its tributaries winds in and out." Three miles from the asylum is Pithoragarh, where there is a

flourishing girls' school under the charge of Miss Annie Budden, of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and a community of three hundred native Christians, with whom Miss Reed has frequent intercourse, so, as she cheerily writes, "I am neither lonely nor alone."

The asylum grounds cover over sixty-six acres, and are shut in by a low stone wall. Within the inclosure are the neat stone houses of the men, surrounded by carefully kept garden plots, and fifteen minutes' walk away the homes of the women. There is also a hospital with dispensary attached where the worst cases can be treated, a newly finished chapel, and Miss Reed's little bungalow, besides other buildings. The many acres of unoccupied land are reserved for grazing and farming. Leprosy abounds in this fair mountain region as in scarcely any other district in India. Miss Reed writes: "I am told that within a radius of ten miles there are more than four hundred patients who ought to be here in the asylum." Another missionary adds, however: "At first it is often difficult to persuade these wretched ones to enter the asylums. They know nothing of Chri-

tian philanthropy. What can be wanted of them but to put them to death? The few first gained are sometimes made use of by sending them out in carts to advertise to the others the comforts they may have." The last report gives the number of inmates at Chandag Heights as ninety-six, a large majority of whom were Christians.

The attendance has steadily increased each year since Miss Reed took charge of the work. A visiting missionary from Scotland tells of a most interesting service he held at the asylum: "At 10:30 o'clock we all assembled at the side of Miss Reed's house, where the lepers might sit in the sun and be warm; it makes such a difference to them, poor things! At first the women assembled and employed their time singing *bhajans* till the men should arrive up from Panahgah—'Place of Refuge'—their home. I stood up and walked to the brow of the hill to see if there was any sign of the men and boys coming, when a touching sight met my eye. I saw a long, straggling, white line of very helpless creatures wending their way up the mountain side with considerable difficulty. At last they arrived and we got them all seated, and,

ah! what a sight it was! In front of the women and close to us were seated three dear little girls with winsome wee faces, but all far gone in leprosy. Among the men were several boys with sad, wistful faces; one, a little Nepalese chap, had a specially pathetic look on his face. When all were ready we had a hymn and prayer; then I preached to them on an interview with Christ, illustrated by the story of the woman at the well. It was precious to tell out the riches of redeeming love to such an audience. The appreciative smiles, the nods of satisfaction, and the verbal answers I got from time to time showed that they understood and gladly received what I preached. We afterward asked those who had really given themselves to Jesus Christ and had received the gift of eternal life from him to rise. Quite a large number, both of the men and women, did so. I observed the little Nepalese lad hesitating, but finally he, too, stood up. Later we had a prayer and testimony meeting. Several gave the most clear testimony to the blessed salvation they had received through Christ. One young woman, in a very beautiful prayer, thanked God that he had brought

this disease upon her, as it had been the means of leading her to Christ. Among our audience were a father, mother, and son, all victims of this terrible disease."

Besides the care of the asylum Miss Reed has the oversight of a very encouraging and rapidly growing work among the women and children in a number of the villages which lie scattered through the neighboring valleys, and which she carries on by the aid of native Bible teachers and evangelists. This work is under the auspices of our home society and is supported by it.

During the years since Miss Reed returned to India thousands of prayers have been offered for her recovery, and the report has several times gone abroad that they were answered and she was healed. The disease has indeed been "wonderfully holden," as Miss Reed expresses it, but to a dear missionary friend, Dr. Martha Sheldon, she recently said: "I am conscious of its presence within, and have been especially so during the last few months, but I feel the power of God upon me in holding me quiet. There are days, too, when the external symptoms are aggravated and more noticeable. Then again they recede. What I

pass through in my experiences no one knows." And Dr. Sheldon adds: "I feel deeply that, as far as human help is concerned, she is walking in the furnace alone, and that there is only One who can enter in and comfort her." But what a marvelous testimony is it to the all-sufficiency of the divine Comforter in the darkest Gethsemane, when she can write home in words like these: "God has enabled me to say, not with a sigh, but with a song, Thy will be done." "I just couldn't tie myself down to my writing desk this morning in quietness of heart till I first sat down at my dear organ and played and sang with all the thirteen stops out,

> 'I am dwelling on the mountain,
> Where the golden sunlight gleams!'"

"I see not trouble and sorrow ahead, but the joy of telling out among the heathen that our Saviour has power to save to the uttermost." "The song of my heart is continually, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!'" And yet an intimate friend, referring to Miss Reed's affliction, says of her, "She is highly sensitive, and of all my acquaintance I know of no one who would by nature more loathe this complaint."

Soon after Miss Reed went back to India I received from her in a letter a little card of pressed ferns gathered near her mountain home. "These delicate ferns," she wrote, "will give you an inkling of the beauty that lies all about me, continually reminding me that the *Mighty One* is also the *Loving One*." On the back of the card were these beautiful verses of Miss Havergal's:

"Alone, alone! yet round me stand
God's mountains, still and grand!
Still and grand, serene and bright,
Sentinels clothed in armor white,
And helmeted with scarlet light.
His power is near,
I need not fear.
Beneath the shadow of his throne,
Alone, alone! yet not alone.

"Alone, alone! yet beneath me sleep
The flowers his hand doth keep;
Small and fair, by crag and dell,
Trustfully closing star and bell,
Eve by eve as twilight fell.
His love is near,
I need not fear.
Beneath the shadow of his throne
Alone, alone! yet not alone."

Below the verses were written the words: "Mary Reed, in India till the end of life." As I read them my thoughts went back to

one afternoon in Cawnpore when, as Miss Reed stood with me on the veranda of her house, looking out over the tropical garden, she turned with sudden earnestness and said: "I want to stay and work in India till I am very old, but then I should like to go home to die. There is something inexpressibly sad to me about the thought of being buried in this land. A short time ago I was visiting one evening with an English lady living in the next compound. She appeared perfectly well, but the following morning when I awoke I saw her being carried to the cemetery. She had been taken sick with cholera in the night, and in this hot climate it is necessary to bury the dead at once. The cemeteries here are not like ours, they seem so desolate and lonely. O yes, I hope I can die at home."

Dear Mary Reed! Did she think I would remember the conversation and wish to assure me that she was no longer possessed by the old dread? It was as if she would say, "Do not feel troubled about me; I no longer fear to die here, but can exclaim with the missionary who laid down her life on these shores a few years since, 'India is just as near heaven as America!'" So this noble

woman works bravely and hopefully on, content to know that when her allotted task is finished she will be laid to rest on alien soil and under Orient skies, since it is only "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

VIII

Polynesian Missions

BY

W. H. Withrow, D.D.

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JOHN WILLIAMS, THE MARTYR OF ERROMANGA*

THE countless islands of the Polynesian Archipelago possess an intense interest to the Christian, the scientist, and the statesman. Here some of the noblest triumphs of the cross have been won. Their social constitution and history present one of the most remarkable examples of the civilization of once savage races; and with these islands are associated some of the grandest records of Christian philanthropy. These

> "Summer isles of Eden lying
> In dark purple spheres of sea"

appeared to the first European visitors among the loveliest and most favored spots on earth. The breadfruit tree and the

* The principal authorities for this paper are Rowe's *Life of John Hunt*, Williams's *Fiji and Fijians*, and Calvert's *Missionary Labors Among the Cannibals*, 2 vols.; Moister's *History of Wesleyan Missions*, Cummings's *At Home in Fiji*, *London Quarterly*, January, 1882, article "Fiji," and Bishop Walsh's *Biography of John Williams*.

cocoa palm waved their foliage in the balmy air.

> "In a halcyon sea mid the coral grove
> The purple mullet and goldfish rove"

Flowers of brightest hues and fragrance and fruits of richest flavor abounded. Surely here, if anywhere on earth, were the Islands of the Blessed, and here must be found the primeval innocence and happiness of that Golden Age of which poets had sung!

But how different was the reality! These scenes of fairy loveliness were full of the habitations of cruelty, and were in danger of becoming depopulated through the abominable wickedness of the inhabitants. Chronic wars wasted the islands, and the victors feasted upon the flesh of their conquered enemies. Even woman's heart forgot its pitifulness, and "mothers slept calmly on the beds beneath which they had buried many of their own murdered infants."

"What Cook was among navigators, John Williams was among missionaries. Both were eminently distinguished for their heroism and their philanthropy. The lot and labor of both were mainly cast among those lovely groups of islands whose feathery

palms are mirrored in the waters of the Pacific. These islands were made known to the civilized world by the one; they were brought into the fellowship of Christendom by the other. Both of these distinguished men lost their lives by murderous hands upon those distant coasts in the noble effort to do their duty to God and to be a blessing to their fellow-men. And if Cook was a real martyr in the cause of science, Williams was a real martyr in the cause of religion."

Tottenham Court Road is one of the most crowded and busy thoroughfares of London. It has Methodist associations from the circumstance that in this region was situated Whitefield's famous tabernacle. In this populous neighborhood the future illustrious missionary, John Williams, was born, 1796. From his boyhood he exhibited that mechanical aptitude and manual dexterity which he afterward turned to such good account among the barbarous South Sea islanders. He was familiarly spoken of as the "handy lad," who repaired the breakages of the household utensils and furniture.

Probably in consequence of this natural

bent he was apprenticed to an ironmonger in City Road. It was soon observed that he was more inclined to the anvil and forge, although exempted by his indentures from the more laborious parts of the business, than to the more cleanly and, as some would think, more respectable department of the office and store. He thus became an expert handicraftsman—a sort of Quentin Matsys in his way—and was frequently employed by his master in the execution of orders demanding peculiar dexterity and skill.

His parents were pious people, and endeavored to train up their son in the ways of religion. But with the natural waywardness of youth he was restive beneath their restraints, and in the company of fellow-apprentices sought the frivolous amusements afforded by the great metropolis. One Sunday evening, we are told, he was loitering at a street corner waiting for some companions to accompany him to some such place of resort, so unbecoming the sanctity of the day. The delay of his comrades gave an opportunity for the compunctions of a conscience dormant but not dead.

Just at that moment it chanced—or was it chance?—that the wife of his employer passed on her way to Mr. Whitefield's tabernacle. "It proved," says his biographer, "the turning-point in his life, and many years afterward, when the successful missionary was narrating to a breathless audience, in the same place of worship, the story of his labors and successes, he pointed with deep emotion to the door by which he had entered and to the pew in which he had sat on that memorable night when the word of God had been fastened in his heart, as in a sure place, by the Master of assemblies."

The young convert forthwith engaged earnestly in Christian work, so far as opportunity offered—and opportunity was not wanting in that great and wicked city, greater and, considering the Christian light and knowledge abounding on every side, more wicked than ancient Nineveh. These were the early years of foreign missionary work. Already the London Missionary Society was endeavoring to win from heathenism to Christianity those sunny islands of the Southern Seas which Cook and his fellow-discoverers had unveiled to the world.

Here the Gospel of Jesus had already been preached, and had won, as amid the corruptions of Corinth and the cruelties of Rome, its wonted triumphs. In some of the islands the natives renounced their idolatry and gave up their bloody rites. Across the sea came the cry for more laborers for this field of toil and danger. Among the first to respond was the zealous young convert, John Williams, being then only in his twentieth year. He offered his services to the London Missionary Society, and was accepted for the work to which he gave his life.

"It was on the 30th of September, 1816," says his biographer, "that nine young men stood side by side in Surrey Chapel to receive their missionary designation. John Williams and Robert Moffat were the two youngest of the band, the former destined to be the 'Apostle of Polynesia,' the latter to win for himself a name in connection with the Dark Continent of Africa only second to that of Livingstone, his illustrious son-in-law. The words in which the aged minister who addressed them gave his parting exhortation to John Williams rang, not only then, but through all his after life, like

a trumpet in his ears: 'Go, my dear young brother, and if your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth let it be with telling sinners of the love of Jesus Christ; and if your arms drop from your shoulders let it be with knocking at men's hearts to gain admittance for him there.'"

With his young and devoted wife, who proved herself a noble helpmeet in many a time of trial, John Williams set forth for the scene of his future triumphs and martyrdom. Men could not then go "round the world in eighty days," and a whole year elapsed before the cocoa groves of Eimeo, one of the Society Islands, greeted the eyes of the young missionary, weary with contemplating the wide waste of the melancholy main. Here he remained for some time acquiring the native language. His extraordinary mechanical skill commanded the admiration of the islanders, and, gaining their confidence, he soon acquired great facility in adopting their modes of thought and expression.

It is remarkable by what means God often breaks down barriers and prepares the way for the entrance of the Gospel. Pomare, the Christian King of Tahiti, and an English

missionary had been driven by a storm upon the island of Raiatea, the center of political power of the Society group and the seat of the worship of Oro—"at once the Mars and Moloch of the Southern Seas." The evidences of the superiority of Christian civilization induced the chief of Raiatea to petition for missionaries to instruct his people. To this appeal John Williams joyfully responded.

"There was a grand welcome," says the record of this Mission, "at Raiatea for 'Viriamu,' which was the nearest form of pronunciation that the natives could find in their speech for the name of Williams. A present of five pigs for Viriamu, five for his wife, and five for their baby boy, with abundance of yams and cocoanuts and bananas, proved that the people were willing to accept their new teachers. They were ready, moreover, to hear Mr. Williams preach, to observe the Lord's Day, to renounce their idols; but their moral condition was unutterably debased, their idleness inveterate, their habits of theft, polygamy, and infanticide were abominable, and their darker and fiercer passions were something awful when roused to war and vengeance."

Here again the mechanical ingenuity of the missionary proved a valuable aid to his spiritual labors. As he well remarks in one of his journals: "The missionary does not go to barbarize himself, but to elevate the heathen; not to sink himself to their standard, but to raise them to his." Accordingly he built himself a house, with window sashes and Venetian blinds, and filled it with neat and commodious furniture, almost every article of which was made by his own ingenious hands. He taught the natives how to make lime from coral and to build decent houses for themselves. When they beheld the firm, smooth surface of the snow-white plaster their delight and astonishment knew no bounds. Their zealous instructor also set them the example of gardening and agriculture and boat building, and rewarded all attempts at industry by presents of nails, hinges, and tools.

Soon a place of worship was erected in their island capable of containing some three thousand people. Williams took care to make it, as far as possible, worthy of the purpose for which it was designed. It was truly a noble Polynesian cathedral, though

its sides were made of wattles and its pillars of the trunks of trees. He expended special care upon the carving of the pulpit and the reading desk, and fabricated such wondrous chandeliers for evening service that the natives were lost in astonishment.

These were, however, but means toward an end, the salvation of souls. Christianity began to make its way. The idol houses, which were often the scenes of cruel and cannibal orgies, were pulled down, the gods were committed to the flames, infanticide was abolished, cannibalism was at an end, divine service was held three times every Sunday, family prayer was universal, and the people, who lately seemed as if possessed by devils, were "sitting clothed in their right mind." "With respect to civilization," says Mr. Williams, "the natives are doing all that we can reasonably expect, and every person is now daily and busily employed from morning till night. At present there is a range of three miles along the sea beach studded with little plastered and white-washed cottages, with their own schooner lying at anchor near them. All this forms such a contrast to the view we had here three years ago, when, excepting three

hovels, all was wilderness, that we cannot but be thankful, and, when we consider all things, exceedingly thankful, for what God has wrought."

"Williams," remarks his biographer, "was a statesman as well as a mechanic. He succeeded in getting a new and admirable code of laws established by the votes of the people in a great assembly. Trial by jury was a distinctive feature of this code, and such an efficient executive was provided from among the natives themselves that the whole system worked admirably. He laid the foundations, moreover, for a remunerative commerce by teaching them how to cultivate cotton and tobacco, as well as by instructing them in ropemaking and other useful arts. He taught them how to prepare the sugar cane for the market, and not only constructed a mill for the purpose, but made with his own hands the lathe in which the rollers for it were turned."

The zealous missionary was not satisfied with even these results. He organized a missionary society to carry the Gospel to the surrounding islands, and these recent pagans, at the end of the first year, had given some fifteen thousand bamboos of

cocoanut oil, the value of which was at least two thousand five hundred dollars, as a recognition of their own obligations to the Gospel and of their earnest desire to make it known to others.

The missionary had heard among the natives strange songs and traditions of an island which they called Raratonga, which he was anxious to discover and evangelize. "I cannot," he said, "content myself with the narrow limits of a single reef; and if means are not provided a continent would be to me infinitely preferable; for there, if you cannot ride, you can walk; but to these isolated islands a ship must carry you."

After appealing in vain to the Christians of England for a missionary vessel he himself chartered the schooner *Endeavour*, and with some native Christians set out on his voyage of discovery. "The story," says Bishop Walsh, "reads like a romance, and reminds one of Columbus and his search for the New World. Baffled day after day in his efforts to discover the traditionary island, he still persevered. The provisions were all but exhausted; the captain came to the missionary early on the last morning

and said, 'We must give up the search, or we shall all be starved.' Williams begged him to steer on until eight o'clock, and promised that if the island were not then in sight he would return home. It was an anxious hour. Four times had a native been sent to the top of the mast, and he was now ascending for the fifth. Only half an hour of the time agreed upon remained unexpired, when suddenly the cloud-mist rolled away, the majestic hills of Raratonga, the chief of the Hervey group, stood full in view, and the excited sailor shouted, 'Here, here is the land we have been seeking!'"

Similar results followed as at Raiatea, and within twelve months of its discovery the whole population, numbering some seven thousand, had renounced idolatry and were engaged in erecting a place of worship, six hundred feet in length, to accommodate the overwhelming congregations. "But not even triumphs like these," says his biographer, "could satisfy the grand aspirations of this devoted man. He looked out upon the Polynesian world of islands which still remained unevangelized around him and beyond him, and he re-

solved to build a ship of his own, in which he might roam through the vast archipelago of the Eastern world."

His account of the building of that ship reads like another romance, and has been compared to a chapter in Defoe. With none to help him but the natives whom he had raised from savagedom; with only a few rude tools, and with no experience save that which he had acquired as an ironmonger's apprentice, he planned and carried to completion his ambitious project. The natives looked on in wonder as the teacher built his ship. One day, when he had forgotten his square, he wrote for it to his wife upon a chip, and told a chief to carry it to Mrs. Williams. "What shall I say?" inquired the puzzled Raratongan. "Nothing," replied the missionary; "the chip will tell her." When, on reading the message, she gave him the square the astonished chieftain ran through the settlement exclaiming, "O, the wisdom of these English! They make chips talk!" And he tied a string to the mysterious messenger and hung it as an amulet around his neck!

The story of Williams making his first bellows is well known. There were only

four goats on the island, and three of them were killed to furnish the leather for it. But during the night the rats of Raratonga, which were like one of the plagues of Egypt, congregated in vast numbers and left nothing of the bellows but the boards. Williams then ingeniously constructed a blowing machine on the principle of the common pump, which defied the rats and accomplished his purpose. Then the builder was soon on board his *Messenger of Peace*, which the natives called "The Ship of God," and was carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the surrounding shores.

From island to island he sailed, preaching everywhere the Gospel of the grace of God, till, of sixty thousand natives of the Samoan group, fifty thousand were under religious instruction. The grateful people testified their love for the missionary in songs and ballads, of which the following are examples:

"Let us talk of Viriamu.
Let cocoanuts grow for him in peace for months.
When strong the east winds blow, our hearts forget him not.
Let us greatly love the Christian land of the great white chief.
All victors are we now, for we all have one God."

"The birds are crying for Viriamu,
His ship has sailed another way.
The birds are crying for Viriamu,
Long time is he in coming.
Will he ever come again?
Will he ever come again?"

This is the testimony of the heroic missionary as to the divine power of the Gospel: "Christianity has triumphed, not by human authority, but by its own moral power, by the light which it spread abroad, and by the benevolent spirit which it disseminated; for kindness is the key to the human heart, whether it be that of savage or civilized man. Having witnessed the introduction of Christianity into a greater number of islands than any other missionary, I can safely affirm that in no single instance has the civil power been employed in its propagation."

After eighteen years of hallowed labor this heroic man was able to say, "There is not an island of importance within two thousand miles of Tahiti to which the glad tidings of salvation has not been conveyed." But the results accomplished he regarded as only stepping-stones to still greater results in the future. He therefore resolved to visit England to tell of the three hundred

thousand savages already brought under religious instruction, to get his Raratongan version of the Scriptures through the press, and to arouse the hearts of his countrymen to the blessed work of giving the Gospel to the heathen.

"It is not too much," writes Bishop Walsh, "to say that his visit did more to fan the flame of missionary interest in England than any event which had occurred for a century. When, at the end of four years, he sailed down the Thames in the *Camden* (a vessel of two hundred tons burden which had been expressly purchased for his use at a cost of £2,600) he was accompanied on his voyage by sixteen other missionaries and their wives, and was followed by such a gale of prayer and interest from the tens of thousands who had been thrilled by his narratives as plainly testified how much his visit had been blessed to hearts at home."

He had set his heart on the conquest for Christ of the New Hebrides, a group whose inhabitants were known to be violent and suspicious. After visiting all his old stations he resolved on planting a mission at Erromanga, the key of the Hebrides group. He seemed to have a foreboding of his com-

ing fate, and as the text for his last address to his beloved Samoans he chose the words of the apostle at Miletus: "They all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

Having reached the island, Mr. Williams, with a small party, went ashore. The natives were shy and sullen, but the missionary frankly offered his hand and presented some cloth. They accepted his gifts, but while he was speaking to some children the cry of "danger" from the boats caused the party to run. Two of them escaped, but the heroic Williams and Mr. Harris, another missionary, were pierced with arrows and captured by the natives.

"There can be little doubt," continues the narrative of this tragic event, "that the horrid orgies of cannibalism followed closely upon the murder, for when the British ship *Favorite* visited the island to recover the bodies a few bones were surrendered as the only remains of the man who had done so much good in his day and generation. These were carried to Upolu and laid beside his desolate home and widowed

church. The noblest monument that could be raised to his memory was the resolution of his Samoan converts to carry on that work in pursuit of which their beloved teacher fell, and to plant the standard of the cross upon the soil of Erromanga."

A few years later the saintly Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand, on his first visit to the New Hebrides, touched at Erromanga with a native teacher. They knelt together on its blood-stained shore and asked God to open a way for his Gospel to the degraded inhabitants. At length, in 1852, two native Christians from the Hervey Islands were landed, and one of those chiefs who were most forward in giving them a welcome was the very man who had murdered Williams. It turned out upon inquiry that some foreigners had killed his own son and that he had avenged himself upon the first white man that came within his reach; but the very club that struck the fatal blow was surrendered to the missionaries, and the prayer which had been offered up on that ensanguined beach was at length fully answered.

"Erromanga, however, was to have other associations with the noble army of martyrs

before that blessed consummation could be attained. In 1861 Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, a devoted missionary pair, were savagely massacred by some of the heathen. A touching link between their death and two other martyrs is this, that they were buried close to the spot where Williams fell and that the funeral service of the Church of England was read over their graves by Bishop Patterson, himself destined to be the 'Martyr of Melanesia.'"

It is the deliberate opinion of Bishop Walsh, the biographer of this devoted missionary, that "since the days of the apostles no one man was the means of winning so many thousands to the true faith of Christ by the preaching of the Gospel as John Williams." And yet he sealed his testimony with his blood at the early age of forty-three. His life was short if measured by years, but if measured by results—by noble achievements for God and for man—it was long and grand and glorious! His undying fame is recorded in his brief but glorious epitaph: "When he came there were no Christians, when he left there were no heathen."

JOHN HUNT, THE APOSTLE OF FIJI.

We turn now to the remarkable story of the conversion of Fiji. This name is given to a group of islands, some two hundred and twenty-five in number, scattered over an area of two hundred and fifty by three hundred and seventy miles, of which about one hundred and forty are inhabited. The population in 1893 was 125,442. The largest of these islands, Vitu Levu, is about the same size as Jamaica. The story of this fair and fertile group, long the habitation of cruelty, is one of intense interest. That a Lincolnshire plowboy, who grew up to manhood with no educational advantages, should, before his thirty-sixth year, be the chief instrument in the conversion to Christianity and civilization of one of the most barbarous races of cannibals on the face of the earth is one of the most remarkable events in the annals of Christian missions.

The father of John Hunt had been a soldier, but deserted and entered the navy. He was with Nelson at the battle of the Nile, and, from hearing his fireside stories, his son resolved to be himself a hero. Young

Hunt was put, at ten years of age, to the hard work of plowboy. At sixteen he fell ill of brain fever, and was brought to the verge of the grave. His soul was filled with dread, and on his recovery he began to attend a Methodist chapel. As he followed the plow thoughts of eternity agitated his mind and so engrossed his thoughts that, once being ordered to take a load of corn to market, he set off with an empty wagon. He became soundly converted, and, being full of zeal, he was soon asked to address a village congregation. His first attempt was a failure. His thoughts took flight. He sat down overwhelmed with confusion, and went home sad and discouraged. Conscious of his want of culture, he caught at every chance of training his mind by attending night school and learning to read and write.

In spite of his uncouth appearance and rustic brogue he became a favorite with the rural congregations which he addressed. He was still a hard-working farm servant. After walking many miles on Sunday, often not reaching home till midnight, he was in the stables grooming his horses at four o'clock next morning. Being asked if he would like to become a preacher, he confessed that he

would like to go as a servant with a missionary to South Africa and teach in a Sunday school, so modest was his ambition. The mission secretaries rather laughed at the idea; but he was recommended for the ministry, and at length was sent to the Hoxton Training School. He devoted himself with energy to English, Latin, Greek, and theology—hitherto his only books had been a Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*—and during vacation this raw plowboy was sent to preach, of all places in the world, in the collegiate city of Oxford.

About two years before this two Wesleyan missionaries had gone as pioneers from Australia to Fiji. Their account of the cannibal orgies of the islands was a revelation of horror to England. The Wesleyan Mission House issued an appeal, "Pity Poor Fiji," which stirred the societies throughout the kingdom. Young Hunt and James Calvert, a Yorkshire lad who had recently completed his apprenticeship as printer and bookbinder, were chosen to reinforce that little band among cannibals. A fellow-student condoled with Hunt on the perils which he must encounter. "That's not it," exclaimed the brave-souled man. "There

is a poor girl in Lincolnshire who will never go with me to Fiji; her mother will never consent!" He wrote at once a manly letter to his betrothed, releasing her from her engagement. In a few days he burst into his friend's room, saying, "It's all right! She'll go with me anywhere." In a few weeks they were married and on their way to the scene of their future trials and triumphs at the antipodes. At Sydney they met John Williams, the destined martyr of Erromanga, and they sailed the same day to their different fields of toil.

On reaching Fiji, December 22, 1838, the young missionary and his wife were appointed to Rewa, a solitary station remote from Christian aid or sympathy. They went undismayed to their arduous post. "They soon found," said Bishop Walsh, "that so far as the cruelties of the people were concerned the half had not been told them. The Fijians were, perhaps, the most deeply degraded race of human beings that had ever been met with in any of the South Sea Islands. They were superstitious, cruel, and revengeful in the extreme, and addicted to war and bloodshed, in connection with which they often committed deeds of savage barbarity a de-

scription of which would not be fit for the ears of civilized Christian people."

In personal appearance the Fijians are stout and robust. They care little about clothing, except on state occasions, when they paint their bodies and pay special attention to the dressing of the hair, which is arrayed in the most extraordinary and fantastic manner. We continue to quote as follows from Bishop Walsh's graphic sketch:

"Infanticide and cannibalism flourished in even darker forms than in other savage lands. Two thirds of all the children were killed in infancy, and every village had an executioner appointed to carry out this deed of blood. Those who survived were early trained to the darkest deeds. Dead bodies were handed over to young children to hack and hew; living captives were given up to them to mutilate and torture. No marvel if we read that sick and aged parents were put out of the way by the clubs of their own offspring, and that hoary hairs and failing strength excited neither reverence nor compassion. As to cannibalism, it had become an epicurean art. It was no uncommon thing for a man to select his best wife or his most tender child for the dreadful fes-

tival, and even to invite his friends to the awful banquet.

"Ra Undreundu kept a register by means of stones of the bodies which he had eaten, and they numbered nine hundred! The horrid practice mingled itself with all the acts of life and worship. The building of a canoe, the burial of the dead, the payment of tax, and even the taking down of a mast, were each accompanied with this revolting ceremonial. A chief has been known to kill eight or ten men in order to make rollers for the launching of his canoe, and the ovens were previously ablaze to cook them for his banquet. We must draw the veil over still darker scenes which will not endure recital in Christian ears."

Amid all this savagery Mr. Hunt writes: "I feel myself saved from almost all fear, though surrounded with men who have scarcely any regard for human life. We are in the hands of a God whom even the heathen fear when they hear of him. The people at Lakemba say that their god has actually left the island because our God has beaten him till his bones are sore!" Before long converts were made to the religion of the cross, and with conversion came

persecution of the Christian neophytes, who were pillaged of their property by the heathen. Yet the sufferers bore with noble cheerfulness "the spoiling of their goods."

After seven months Mr. Hunt, his colleague, Mr. Lyte, and their two wives, removed to the island of Samosamo, where only one white man had ever gone, and he a short time before had been barbarously murdered. Their reception was disheartening, and the scenes which they were compelled to witness were appalling in the extreme.

Within a week news came that the king's youngest son was lost at sea. Forthwith an order was issued that sixteen women, some of them of high rank, should be strangled, and, despite Hunt's entreaties, they were put to death and then burned in front of the mission houseamid the blast of conchs and the yells of incarnate demons. Some months later eleven men were dragged with ropes to ovens and roasted for a banquet, and when the missionary's wife closed the window blinds against the sight of the horrid festival the unfuriated natives threatened to burn down the house unless they were reopened. War canoes were launched

on living human bodies as rollers. It was considered the honorable thing for a wife to be strangled when her husband died. Sometimes a dozen or more wives of a chief were thus put to death and buried with their husband.

In 1840 Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Navy, visited the island, and so deplorable was the condition of the missionaries that he offered to convey them away, but they refused to go, although even the chiefs commanded them to depart.

During this time the cannibal feasts were more frequent, and barbarous ceremonies were constantly taking place in the town. The ovens were so near the mission house that the smell from them was sickening, and the young king furiously threatened to kill the missionaries and their wives if they shut up their house to exclude the horrible stench. Among all the perils and annoyances Mr. Hunt steadily and earnestly went about his work, always—to use his favorite expression—"turning his care into prayer."

After three years of apparently unrequited toil at Samosamo Mr. Hunt removed to Viwa, where the last six years of his life were spent. Though broken in health he

devoted himself with increased zeal to toil and study, teaching, preaching, translating. To him belongs the honor of giving the New Testament to the Fijians in their native tongue, and it was soon printed on an imported press. He kept up, also, his personal studies, reading Greek, Hebrew, Blackstone's Commentaries, and English literature, and writing a work on sanctification, which he illustrated in his own religious experience.

Such devotion, however, could not fail of its glorious reward. A great religious awakening took place. Among the converts was the Queen of Viwa. "Her heart," says Mr. Hunt, "seemed literally to be broken, and, though a very strong woman, she fainted twice under the weight of a wounded spirit. She revived only to renew her strong cries and tears, so that it was all we could do to proceed with the service. The effect soon became more general. Several of the women and some of the men literally roared for the disquietude of their hearts. As many as could chanted the *Te Deum*. It was very affecting to see upward of a hundred Fijians, many of whom were a few years ago some of the

worst cannibals in the group, and even in the world, chanting, 'We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord,' while their voices were almost drowned by the cries of broken-hearted penitents."

Soon a bitter storm of persecution burst on the Christians of Viwa. The neighboring heathen made relentless war upon them. "O, if you missionaries would go away!" they said. "It is your presence that prevents us killing them. If you would go away before long all these Viwa people would be in the ovens!" "It is very easy," said the Christians, "for us to come to Mbau and be cooked; but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity."

Mr. Hunt's continuous toil at length told seriously upon his health. The man of iron strength, who had come up to London from the fields of Lincolnshire only twelve years before, was evidently dying. Of him, too, might it be truly said, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." The converts from heathenism, with sad faces, flocked to the chapel and prayed earnestly for the missionary. "O Lord," Elijah Verani cried aloud, "we know we are very bad, but spare thy servant. If one must die, take

me! take ten of us! but spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!"

As he neared his end the missionary confidently committed his wife and babes to God, but was sorely distressed for Fiji. Sobbing as though in acute distress, he cried out, "Lord, bless Fiji! save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji; my heart has travailed for Fiji!" Then, grasping his friend Calvert by the hand, he exclaimed again: "O, let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji! save Fiji!" Turning to his mourning wife, he said, "If this be dying, praise the Lord!" Presently, as his eyes looked up with a bright joy that defied death, he exclaimed, "I want strength to praise Him abundantly!" and with the note of triumph, "Hallelujah," on his lips, he joined the worship of the skies.

The next day his coffin was borne by native students to the grave. It had on it no emblazonry, and no record but this:

REV. JOHN HUNT,
SLEPT IN JESUS, OCTOBER 4TH, 1848,
AGED 36 YEARS.

The good work so auspiciously begun by Hunt and his associates has been carried

on with glorious results. The mission band has been reinforced, till, in 1892, there were employed, besides about a score of European missionaries, 70 native preachers, 1,126 catechists, 2,081 local preachers, 3,405 class leaders, with 106,000 attendants on public worship, out of a population of 120,000. The people have erected for themselves 979 chapels, which are out of debt, and 334 other preaching places. Every Sunday there are 1,200 pulpits filled by native Fiji preachers, and during the week 1,951 day schools are conducted for the instruction of over 38,307 scholars, each village supporting its own schools.

In 1874 the islands became, by petition of their inhabitants, a crown colony of Great Britain, and the following year Sir Arthur Gordon was appointed first governor. The British governor receives a salary of $10,000 a year, paid by the colony. One hundred and sixty native chiefs are employed in administrative capacities, besides 33 native stipendiary magistrates, associated with 13 European magistrates, in the administration of justice.

Fiji abounds in magnificent harbors. In natural beauty it is a perfect "land of the

lotus-eaters," with volcanic peaks and lovely vales covered with richest vegetation. Among its products are cotton, coffee, tea, sugar, sago, cocoa, rice, India rubber, and spices. The revenue of the country increased in four years from £16,433 in 1875 to £80,678 in 1880.*

In 1885 the jubilee of Christianity was celebrated in Fiji. Mr. Calvert, then

* The foreign trade of these, till recently, cannibal people in 1891 amounted to £727,383, the exports being £474,334 and the imports £253,049. There are in the colony eleven sugar mills, which in 1892—the latest figures we have—exported 18,883 tons, valued at over £300,000. Among the imports of 1892, amounting to £253,586, were drapery, £48,022—when the missionaries went there first their drapery bill was a very small one; meat, £11,844; breadstuffs, £28,449; fertilizers, £10,600; coal, £18,449; iron ware, £18,889; machinery, £8,251. Other exports are tea; bananas, £62,442; peanuts, £7,074; copra, or dried kernel of cocoanut, 5,937 tons, valued at £49,723.

During the year 1892 63 steamers and 28 sailing vessels arrived at the colony, besides 331 local vessels, 241 of which are owned by natives.

In 1892 there passed through the post office in local correspondence 216,588 letters, 131,467 papers, and 150,071 book packets; and in foreign correspondence 110,251 letters, 94,074 papers, and 8,967 book packets.

This moral elevation, these churches and schools, these many thousands of changed lives and happy deaths are the direct result of Christian missions, and this wonderful development of commerce and civilization, perhaps, is a scarcely less direct consequence.

seventy-two years of age, left England to attend it. Referring to this visit he said: "In 1835, when the Mission commenced, there was not a single Christian in Fiji. In 1885 there was not an avowed heathen in all the inhabited islands. Out of a population of 110,000, 104,585 were attendants on public worship. Now marriage is sacred, family worship regularly conducted, schools are everywhere established, law and good government firmly laid, and spiritual churches formed and prosperous. The language has been reduced to written form and made one, doing away with the plague of many dialects. Eight thousand copies of the Bible in two editions and fifty thousand of the New Testament have been purchased. Catechisms, with Scripture proofs, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and three editions of John Hunt's invaluable *Christian Theology* have been widely circulated. We had no night of toil. God was with us from the beginning, and ever confirmed his word with signs following. These converts were whole-hearted, and very true and faithful. Their thorough change of heart, wrought by the Holy Spirit, was manifest to all. They became living epistles, read and

known and felt by all who knew them. This personal Christian experience told amazingly among the dark and simple-minded Fijians, and it tells everywhere. The Fijian Church is also continually sending native missionaries to other distant lands to preach Christ in other tongues. This many of them do successfully."

Levuka, the capital of Fiji, has three handsome European churches, a government house, supreme court, Masonic, Good Templars', and Odd Fellows' halls, Mechanics' Institute, club room, bank, two tri-weekly papers, stores, hotels, and—another sign of civilization—a single cab.

Many are the testimonies given as to the success of the Wesleyan missions by persons in no wise prejudiced in their favor. One of the most striking of these is the following, by the chaplain of the British man-of-war *Brisk*, as to the success of Fiji missions:

"Never was I so much impressed," he says, "with the power of divine truth as when I stood in the midst of a native congregation at Bau of over seven hundred; the king, seated in a dignified manner in an armchair, with his large Bible before him; the queen, the finest specimen of 'the

human face divine' that I ever saw, in a conspicuous place among the women; and heard the Gospel preached by a native minister, and the accents of their praise ascending on high like the voice of many waters. The church is a large native building, capable of holding one thousand persons, and displays great ingenuity in its style of architecture. It is situated within a few yards of the ruins of an old heathen temple, where human sacrifices were wont to be offered to the gods previous to their being cooked and eaten. The ovens which were used for this revolting purpose of cooking the victims are still to be seen, filled with earth, and quite close to the church."

But the fullest testimony is that of Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, a lady of celebrity as a traveler and author, who, by invitation, accompanied Sir Arthur and Lady Gordon as a member of their family. Miss Cumming spent two years in Fiji, during which time she explored most of the inhabited islands, mingled freely with the people in their homes and at social and public gatherings, and was a careful observer of their customs, manners, and morals. She

vividly describes the wonderful transition which has ensued from the most savage barbarism to Christian civilization by the introduction of the Gospel.

"Strange, indeed," she writes, "is the change that has come over these isles since first the Wesleyan missionaries landed here in 1835, resolved, at the hazard of their lives, to bring the light of Christianity to these ferocious cannibals. Imagine the faith and courage of the two white men, without any visible protection, landing in the midst of these bloodthirsty hordes, whose unknown language they had in the first instance to master, and day after day witnessing such scenes as chills one's blood to hear about. Many such have been described to me by eyewitnesses. Slow and disheartening was their labor for many years; yet so well has that little leaven worked that, with the exception of Kai Tholos, the wild highlanders who still hold out in the mountain fastnesses, the inhabited isles have all abjured cannibalism and other frightful customs, and have *lotuted* (that is, embraced Christianity) in such good earnest as may well put to shame many more civilized nations.

"I often wish that some of the cavilers who are forever sneering at Christian missions could see some of their results in these isles. But first they would have to recall the Fiji of ten years ago, when every man's hand was against his neighbor and the land had no rest from intertribal wars, in which the foe, without respect of age or sex, were looked upon only in the light of so much beef—the prisoners deliberately fattened for the slaughter; limbs cut off from living men and women and cooked and eaten in the presence of the victim, who had previously been compelled to dig the oven and cut the firewood for the purpose; and this, not in time of war, when such atrocity might be deemed less inexcusable, but in time of peace, to gratify the caprice or appetite of the moment.

"Think of the sick buried alive; the array of widows who were deliberately strangled on the death of any great man; the living victims who were buried beside every post of a chief's house, and must needs stand clasping it while the earth was gradually heaped over their devoted heads; a time when there was not the slightest security for life or property, and no man knew

how quickly his own hour of doom might come; when whole villages were depopulated simply to supply their neighbors with fresh meat!

"Just think of all this and of the change that has been wrought, and then just imagine white men who can sneer at missionary work in the way they do. Now you can pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village on the lightly inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy church and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended, and that the first sound that greets your ear at dawn and the last at night is that of hymn singing and most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?"

One great chief after another was converted, but the most remarkable of all was the conversion of King Thakombaw, the powerful monarch of Fiji. Captain Erskine,

of Her Majesty's steamship *Havannah*, who visited Fiji in 1849, thus describes Thakombaw: "It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the chief. Of large, almost gigantic size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned. His countenance, with far less of the Negro cast than among the lower orders, was agreeable and intelligent. In 1857 he was publicly baptized. He had been requested to address the assembly after his baptism. He did so. What a congregation he had! Widows whose husbands he had slain; people whose relatives had been strangled by his orders; those whose friends he had eaten; and children, the descendants of people he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers. A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment as Thakombaw said:

"'I have been a bad man. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said, "I will continue to fight." God has singularly preserved my life. I desire to acknowledge him as the only and the true God. I have scourged the world.'

"He was deeply affected, and spoke with

great diffidence. He showed his sincerity by dismissing his many wives and publicly marrying the chief one, Andi Lydia Samanunu. From this time he took no retrograde step. His thirst for knowledge grew, and the touching spectacle was often witnessed of his efforts to learn to read, taught by his own little children. The Rev. J. Nettleton, who was his chaplain for seven years, said he never met with a more devoted, earnest, and consistent Christian. He died in 1883, and the *Fijian Times*, a secular paper, said: 'His influence on the side of Christianity and of good in general has been greater than that of any chief or combination of chiefs throughout the islands. Since his conversion and baptism he has led a worthy life, and, eminent before for tyranny, licentiousness, and disregard of human life, he has since been free from reproach, chaste in conduct, and considerate of the people!'"

The conversion of Fiji was preeminently God's work—the work of the Holy Spirit. The work at Ono was a remarkable instance of this. Ono is the chief island of a group situated one hundred and fifty miles south of Lakemba, and the most southerly

extremity of Fiji. Without any prompting except that which must have come from God's good Spirit, these people began to grope from their own deep heathen darkness toward the light:

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

In 1835, about the same time that the Mission to Fiji was commenced, a desire arose among these people for better gods than they had. One of their chiefs had heard from a Friendly Islander that there was but one God, and that one day in seven ought to be set apart for his worship. As soon as this news reached them they determined to worship this unknown God. A difficulty arose as to who should officiate for them. In their dilemma they sent for the heathen priest. Moved either by fear or compassion or honor, he consented, and asked this new God to keep and bless the people, at the same time acknowledging that he himself worshiped a different god and that he was only acting as spokesman for his neighbors. This kind of worship continued, while the longing for more knowledge grew upon them every day.

It was a long time before their wishes for a teacher could be made known. A storm drove a boat full of Tongans, returning home, far out of their course. They landed on an island fifty miles from Ono. One of them was a Christian, and when he heard of what was going on at Ono went there and taught them what he knew. When a regular Christian teacher reached them he found one hundred and twenty persons who had renounced heathenism. The work spread on every hand. The missionaries bore testimony that "of all the work in Fiji that at Ono has been the most permanent and successful. More native teachers have been raised in proportion to the population than in any of the other islands."

The genuine and sturdy character of the religion of these Fijian converts has proved itself on many signal occasions. Manfully have many of them endured persecution, exile, and death rather than compromise their principles. Forty native Fijians have gone as missionaries to New Guinea, a land more degraded than even their own had been, and through their labors two thousand three hundred of the inhabitants became Christians. The Fijians make good

missionaries; difficulties do not dishearten nor perils affright them. Where one falls under the club of a savage—and many have so fallen—others are ready to take up his work and proclaim to his murderers both the law and the Gospel.

In 1877 Mr. Brown, a Wesleyan missionary, with nine native Fiji preachers (seven of them married, and accompanied by their wives), sailed in the Mission brig *John Wesley* to carry to the savages of New Britain the Gospel of Christ. Before they sailed the British consul remonstrated with them on the peril of the attempt, but they replied, "We know the danger; we are willing to go. If we get killed, well; if we live, well."

News was soon received that four of them were eaten, and that their wives and little ones were threatened with a similar fate. "These distressing tidings," says Miss Gordon Cumming,. "reached Fiji just as a fresh detachment of teachers was about to start for New Britain. Their determination was in no degree shaken. One of them expressed the determination of them all when he said, 'If the people kill and eat my body I shall go to a place where there

is no more pain or death; it is all right.' One of the wives was asked whether she still intended to accompany her husband to a scene of so great danger. She replied, 'I am like the outrigger of a canoe—where the canoe goes, there you will surely find the outrigger!' Brave helpmeets, these!"

Bishop Walsh, a prelate of the Anglican Church, pays this generous tribute to the lowly Lincolnshire plowman whose life and work we have sketched: "Fiji is not only a gem in the British crown, but a precious jewel in the missionary diadem; and to John Hunt, above all other men, belongs the honor of having placed it there!"

THE END.

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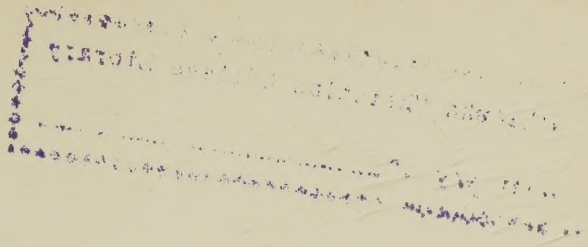

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